

NAZIS AND JAPS, YOU RATS! BEWARE! THE HANGMAN IS EVERYWHERE!

# HANGMAN

NO. 8

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comics





[illegible]



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# *The* HANGMAN

SPECIAL  
CASE  
No 25

in the  
GALLOWS  
and the  
GHOUL



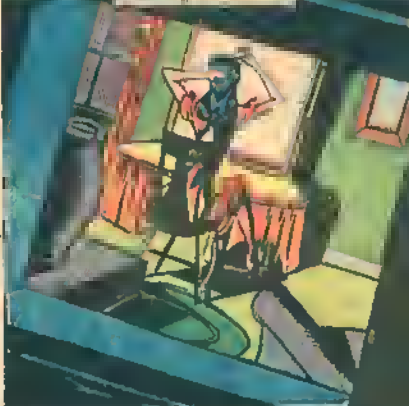
AS OUR STORY OPENS, BOB DICKER, REALLY THE HANGMAN, MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE GLOOM...AND HIS FACE QUICKENS!



AS HE APPROACHES A TOWERING AND GLOOMY APARTMENT HOUSE IN WHICH A SINGLE WINDOW GLEAMS LIKE A GLowing EYE!



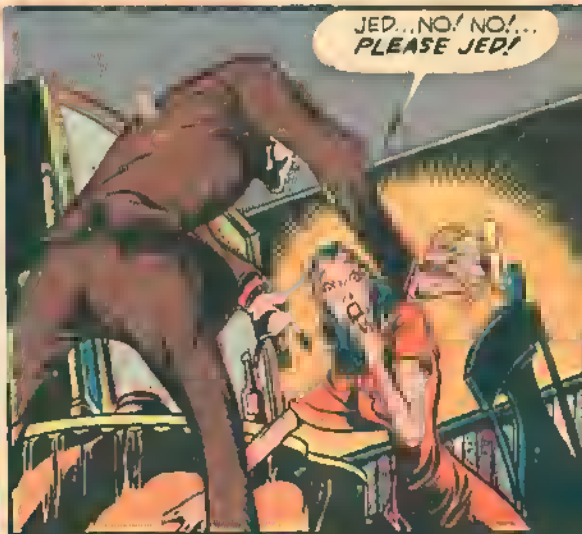
INSIDE THE LIGHTED APARTMENT A WOMAN NERVOUSLY, DISTRAUGHTLY BRUSHES HER HAIR; HER FRAME LENSED AS THOUGH IN FRIGHTENED EXPECTANCY!



HOW I WISH THE HANGMAN WOULD GET HERE--WH.. WHA...?



JED...NO! NO!... PLEASE JED!



I'VE LONG WANTED TO DO THIS, MARY! KILL YOU... KILL YOU!



FOOTSTEPS!



JIMMY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP AT THIS HOUR?



I...I HEARD NOISES, UNCLE JED!



MOMMY, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MOMMY? WHY IS SHE LYING ON THE FLOOR SO QUIET?



IT...IT'S NOTHING JIMMY, YOUR MOTHER JUST FAINTED, THAT'S ALL! DON'T COME NEAR HER!



YOU GET HER A GLASS OF WATER, AND SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



YES  
UNCLE  
JED

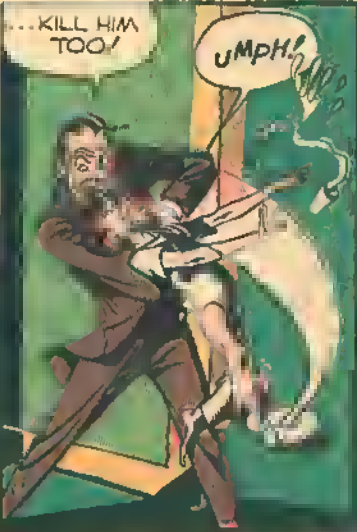
HE SAW ME! HE'LL TELL I DID IT! I MUSTN'T LET HIM DO THAT!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR ME TO DO!

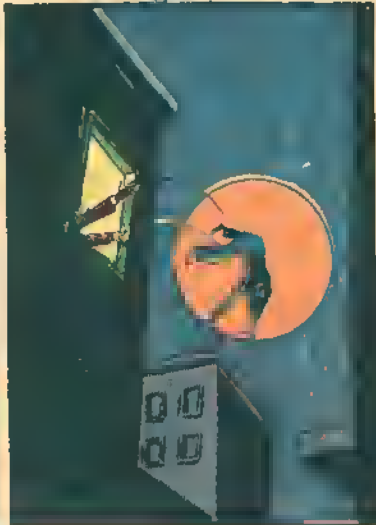
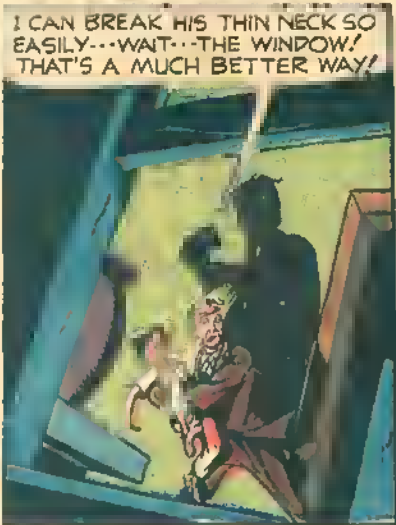


...KILL HIM TOO!

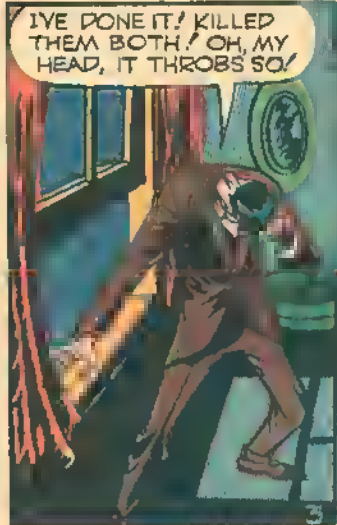


UMPH!

I CAN BREAK HIS THIN NECK SO EASILY...WAIT...THE WINDOW! THAT'S A MUCH BETTER WAY!



I'VE DONE IT! KILLED THEM BOTH! OH, MY HEAD, IT THROBS SO!



**BUT TWO FORCES  
OPERATE TO SAVE  
JIMMY FROM  
SEEMINGLY CERTAIN  
DOOM! FATE AND  
THE HANGMAN!**

**ULP!  
HE  
CAUGHT  
JIMMY!!**

**HERE! TAKE THIS  
LAD TO THE POLICE  
STATION!**

**GULP!  
S-SURE  
HANG-  
MAN!**

**...AND I'M GOING  
UPSTAIRS AND  
CATCH THAT  
WOULD-BE  
KILLER!**

**WHAT IN---GONE! AND  
HE SEEMS TO HAVE  
CLAIMED AT LEAST  
ONE VICTIM!**

**HIS ONLY  
MEANS OF  
ESCAPE IS  
THE ROOF!**

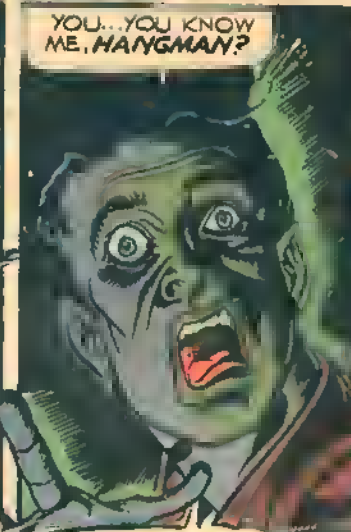
**I WAS RIGHT!...  
THERE HE GOES!**

**AND HERE  
I COME!!**





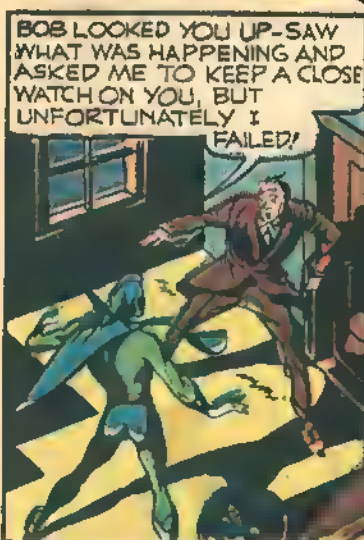
I'VE GOT YOU NOW JED JENNINGS!



YOU... YOU KNOW ME, HANGMAN?



YES, I KNOW YOU ALL RIGHT-JED THROUGH AN OLD CLASSMATE AND FRIEND OF YOURS-  
**BOB DICKERING!**



BOB LOOKED YOU UP- SAW WHAT WAS HAPPENING AND ASKED ME TO KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON YOU, BUT UNFORTUNATELY I FAILED!



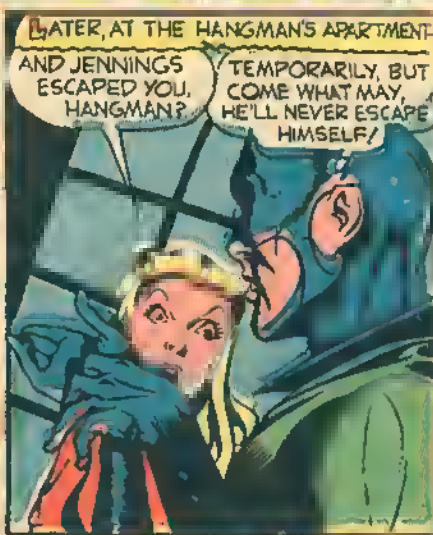
YES... AND YOU'LL FAIL TO SEND ME TO THE GALLOWS TOO, HANGMAN!



GREAT HEAVENS! THAT WAS THE DOOR TO THE ELEVATOR SHAFT!

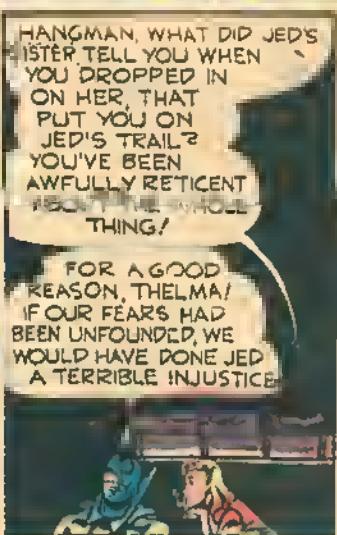


WHA... HE'S NOT AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT AT ALL! HE MUST HAVE CAUGHT ONE OF THESE CABLES AND SWUNG HIMSELF THRU AN EXIT!



LATER, AT THE HANGMAN'S APARTMENT AND JENNINGS ESCAPED YOU, HANGMAN?

TEMPORARILY, BUT COME WHAT MAY, HE'LL NEVER ESCAPE HIMSELF!



HANGMAN WHAT DID JED'S MISTER TELL YOU WHEN YOU DROPPED IN ON HER, THAT PUT YOU ON JED'S TRAIL? YOU'VE BEEN AWFULLY RETICENT ABOUT THE WHOLE THING!

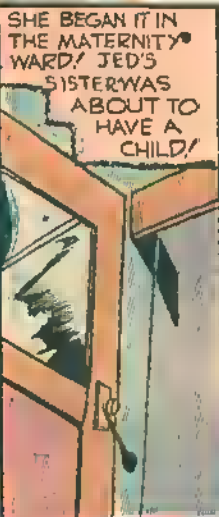
FOR A GOOD REASON, THELMA! IF OUR FEARS HAD BEEN UNFOUNDED, WE WOULD HAVE DONE JED A TERRIBLE INJUSTICE!



I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY, AS SHE TOLD IT TO ME!



SHE BEGAN IT IN THE MATERNITY WARD! JED'S SISTER WAS ABOUT TO HAVE A CHILD!



JED WAS PACING THE FLOOR NERVOUSLY! AS THOUGH HE WERE HER HUSBAND - INSTEAD OF HER HALF BROTHER!



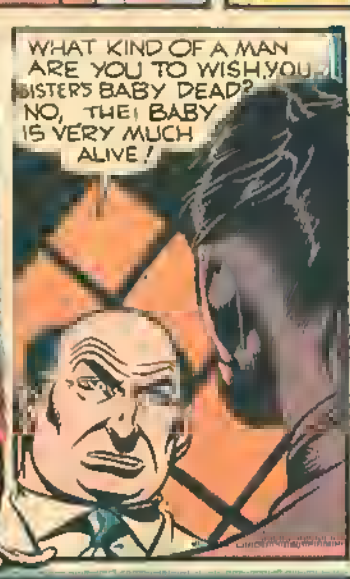
BUT JED KNEW HIS WIDOWED HALF SISTER DEPENDED ON HIM FOR SUPPORT, AND WHEN THE DOCTOR EMERGED



THE BABY, DOCTOR, IT'S DEAD ISN'T IT, AS YOU THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE? FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE TELL ME IT'S DEAD!



WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU TO WISH YOUR SISTER'S BABY DEAD? NO, THE BABY IS VERY MUCH ALIVE!



JED'S STRANGE HOPE WAS BORN OF FEAR--FOR JED WAS AN ABJECT POVERTY STRICKEN FAILURE! AND THE THOUGHT OF ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED TERRIFIED HIM!



HIS SPIRIT WAS BROKEN, AND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE'D SIT AND BROOD. BROOD ABOUT THE OTHER FELLOWS OF OUR CLASS WHO HAD MADE SUCCESSES OF THEIR LIVES; AND IN HIS TORTURED THOUGHTS THEY ALL SEEMED TO MOCK AT HIM!

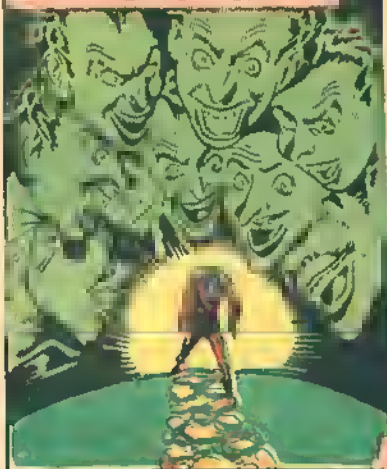


JED WENT FROM JOB TO JOB  
..... BUT ALWAYS IT WAS THE  
SAME STORY--HE COULDN'T  
STICK!

SORRY, JENNINGS,  
WE LIKE OUR EMPLOYEES  
WITH A LITTLE SPIRIT!



THE WHOLE WORLD SEEMED  
TO MOCK JED!



WHY DO I KEEP ON LIVING?  
WHY DON'T I KILL MYSELF  
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE?



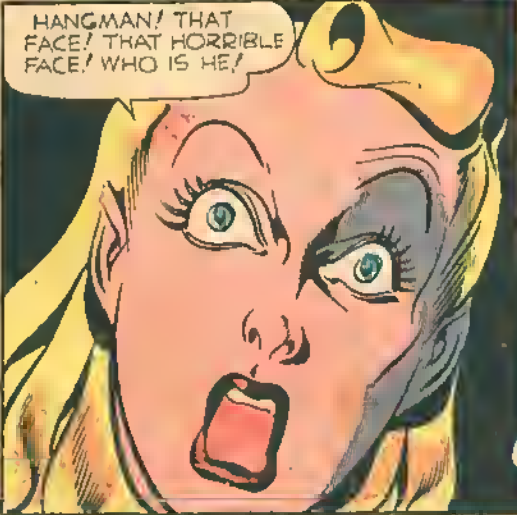
YOU SEE THELMA, ONLY ONE  
OTHER PERSON IN THE WORLD  
KNEW JED'S TERRIBLE  
SECRET--HIS SISTER--AND  
THAT SECRET IS...



DON'T STOP! GO ON AND  
TELL HER HANGMAN--  
HEE, HEE, HEE!



HANGMAN! THAT  
FACE! THAT HORRIBLE  
FACE! WHO IS HE!



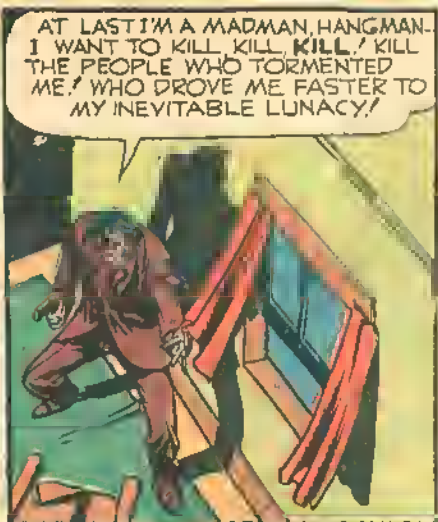
TELL HER WHO  
I AM HANGMAN!  
HEE HEE, GO ON  
TELL HER!







TELL HER I'M JED JENNINGS, THE MAN WHO WAS STRICKEN WITH A **BRAIN DISEASE** AND WAS **SLOWLY GOING INSANE!** HEE, HEE!



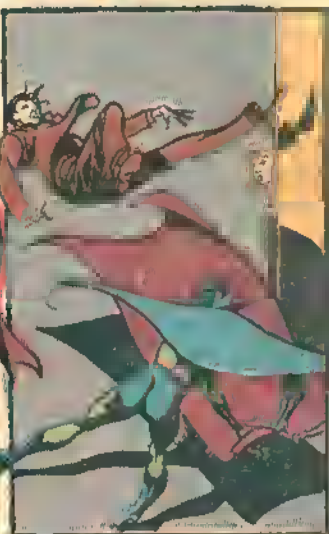
AT LAST I'M A MADMAN, HANGMAN. I WANT TO KILL, KILL, **KILL!** KILL THE PEOPLE WHO TORMENTED ME! WHO DROVE ME FASTER TO MY INEVITABLE LUNACY!



I FOLLOWED YOU HERE AFTER I ESCAPED YOU! YOU TWO SHALL BE AMONG MY FIRST VICTIMS!



NOW, DIE!

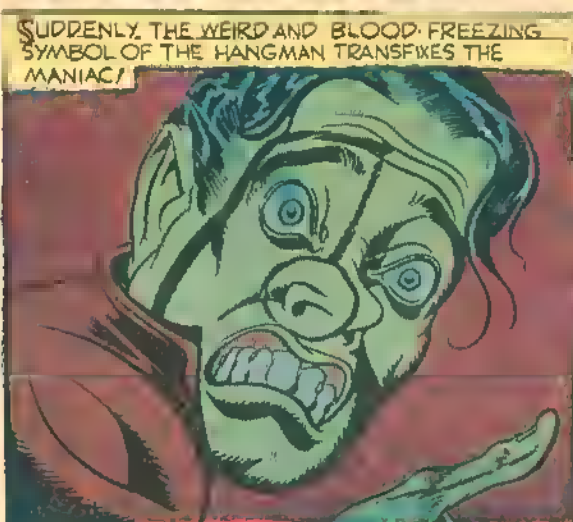


D. DON'T SHOOT ME -- PLEASE!



NO, MY DEAR I WON'T SHOOT YOU!  
THIS IS A MUCH NICER WAY OF  
KILLING YOU—WITH MY BARE  
HANDS! HEE, HEE, HEE!

HANGMAN! HELP!



SUDDENLY, THE WEIRD AND BLOOD-FREEZING  
SYMBOL OF THE HANGMAN TRANSFIXES THE  
MANIAC!



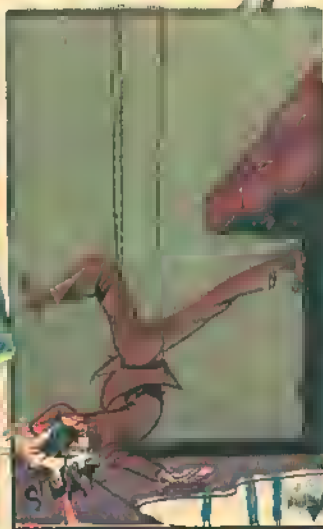
THE HANGMAN WON'T HELP  
YOU, MY DEAR



HE WON'T EVEN  
HELP HIMSELF! HEE  
HEE, HEE!



JENNINGS! STAY  
AWAY FROM ME!  
I WARN YOU!



POOR  
CREATURE!  
WHAT A  
TERRIBLE  
WAY TO  
DIE!

HE'S BETTER OFF  
THELMA! BETTER  
THAN THE LIVING  
TORTURED  
—HIM FOR  
SO MANY YEARS!



# THE "PERFECT" CRIME

by Hawley Howard

THEY called him Fashion Plate. George Bryan didn't mind it. They were just ignorant village louts, loafers around the pool hall, stationery store and the little railroad station of Shady Valley; they thought, because Bryan took pride in being always carefully dressed, that he was something to jibe at. Beau Brummel. Young George Bryan secretly was pleased at being likened to the famous English dandy. Beau Brummel's name, also, had been George Bryan.

The thoughts were roaming in Bryan's mind tonight, as alone in his car he drove from New York City, out the main highway toward Shady Valley. His nickname of Fashion Plate—surely that would be an advantage this moonless night. Who would ever suspect the immaculate soft-spoken George Bryan of a deed of violence? He chuckled to himself. The villagers might think of him as a sissy, but never as a murderer. . . .

At the crossroads where the highway went on into the village, Bryan turned off onto the Lake Ontario side road. He watched his chance, so that no one saw him. The time was a quarter of ten—a hot July evening. Queer what a breathless night it was! He was conscious that his heart was pounding; his chest seemed to have a weight on it. Was he frightened, now that his chance had come? Nonsense! Just excited. Fate was with him. Every circumstance was just right. Peter Rawlings would be coming along this lonely road by the edge of the lake, in five or ten minutes now. The thing would be done, in a few minutes after that.

At a place where bushes clustered to shield his car, Bryan turned off the road and hopped out. He was a young fellow, handsome, and as always, immaculately dressed. In the heat, he had taken off his hat and blue serge jacket and laid them on the car seat. His figure was a white blob of white shirt and carefully pressed white linen trousers, as he crouched in the bushes, waiting for Rawlings to come along. It surely wouldn't be long now. Rawlings was a methodical fellow, a creature of habit. You could always depend on him doing the same thing at the same time. He had married Bryan's younger sister, Grace about two years ago. He was rich, or at least comfortably well off—one of those fellows who watched every penny and wouldn't lend a cent to a relative without banker's security. He owned a small but prosperous department store in Thomasville, some twelve miles away. He closed it at nine-thirty; and every night like clockwork he drove home alone, leaving Thomasville at a quarter of ten and coming along this lonely little side road past Lake Ontario.

For another ten minutes Bryan silently crouched. He was tense, alert; his mind was clicking with details of just what he would do so that there would be no possibility of error. There would be no footprints here; no tracks which could be identified as the tread of his tires. The road was hard and dry; the ground all around here was rocky, right down to the rocky shore where the water lapped with a sudden murmur in the stillness.

And suddenly now, faintly in the distance he heard the

clung of Rawlings' old outmoded car. Right on schedule Bryan's heart leaped, but he steadied himself. He stood in the shadow of a tree-trunk until he could see positively that it was Rawlings, and then he jumped forward. Rawlings, in white shirt and trousers, was a dim white blob behind the wheel. For just a second Bryan thought that there was someone in the back seat of the car behind him, but when he got closer he saw that no one else was there.

"Well, I say, that you, Peter?" he called.

Rawlings saw him and pulled up. "Hello, George," he said. He was never very cordial. "What are you doing out here?"

Bryan mastered his breathlessness. "Just coming back from New York. Wretchedly hot, isn't it? I thought I'd take a swim. Cool off." He gestured easily with a graceful hand. "Mr. can't drive the road a way—though I'd take a ten-minute dip. Too bad you can't join me, old fellow—you've no idea how invigorating—"

Queer how difficult it was to keep his soft, suave voice normal! This damnable breathlessness! But Rawlings didn't notice. And it wasn't hard to persuade him.

"The human body really floats in water, you know," Bryan was presently saying. "It's lighter than water, when you immerse nearly all of it. But that's the trouble—the beginner wants to climb out of the water and that's what makes him sink."

Gruesome words. Somehow they made Bryan shudder inside. He had had no idea it would be so difficult to do this thing.

"Why not master your fear once and for all?" he asked persuasively. "Once you do that, I can teach you to swim in two minutes."

Abruptly Rawlings set his jaw. "All right," he agreed. "I'll do it. I'll do it if it kills me. Damn it, I will."

Gruesome prophecy. . . . Why did he have to say that so much? As though something were making him say it so that Bryan would shudder, with a racing heart and excited, taut nerves to make him imitate this thing? But he wouldn't imitate it. . . . Get him to lie on his back now; and then shove him down, sit on him. . . . Told him, just for a moment.

Bryan's chest seemed bursting with the excitement of it. But he kept his wits. Water a bit less than waist deep. That would be ideal.

"Now, relax," he heard himself saying softly. "You're tense as the devil, Peter. Don't be like that. I won't even let your face get wet. I promise. Come on now, lie back—stretch out. I'll put my hand under your neck. Can't you trust me, old fellow? Think how pleased Grace will be if she can go swimming with you next week."

So easy. A faint smile of triumph twitched at Bryan's lips as he stood beside the shivering, naked Rawlings and the

body of the older man ased backward with his feet coming up.

"Don't let my head go under, George!"

"No, Of course I won't."

Now, down with him! Bryan shored suddenly. It was a chaos of horror to the panting Brian. But he kept Rawlings' head under. . . . A minute. Two minutes. There were no air bubbles now. The air had all come out; water was going in.

And then even the twitching was stilled. The dead fingers clinging to Bryan's arms relaxed, slipped away. The legs floated up, wraying a little from the movement of the water, as though the ghostly limp white thing were still alive.

The wild panic swept Bryan as he stood shivering there in the dark; a panic of haste and terror. But he fought with it; conquered it. The thing was done, and triumph swept him. He dried himself carefully with the towel and dressed. His hair wasn't wet; that was lucky. It wasn't even mussed. There wasn't a mark on him from the struggle with the drowning Rawlings whose gripping hands had only clutched so futilely at his arms.

With the panic still on him, mingling with his chuckling triumph, Bryan climbed back into his dark little car and swiftly drove away. He did not head for Shady Valley; he was too clever for that. Instead, driving as swiftly as he dared, he circled back around Thomasville, then cut across and hit the New York Highway at a point far below Shady Valley and the Lake Ontario side road. He passed two gas stands where he was known; drove slowly enough so that the attendants would see him and respond to his wave of greeting. Exactly as though he were on his way home from the city; no possible connection with Lake Ontario. . . .

He had stopped at the bridge over Sunapee Creek, tied a big stone in the towel and sunk it. The panic was gone now; there was nothing but triumph. Nothing ahead of him now but Rawlings' money, Grace, a shrieked, grieved young widow, wouldn't be niggardly with her sympathetic brother, of course. She had already done her best, pawing her jewels to help Bryan out with his gambling debts. Bryan was senior teller at the little Shady Valley bank. Grace didn't know about his six thousand-dollar shortage there, of course. That would have been discovered next week, when the bank examiners arrived; but it would be made good by Grace now, of course. He shivered at the closeness of his escape.

As he reached Center Avenue, Bryan's heart jumped. Down the broad shaded street, where the cluster of lamps over a stoop marked the brick building which was the Shady Valley Police Station, a little commotion was evident. A group of people were on the sidewalk; a big sedan was there at the curb; and inside the building there was evidently unusual activity.

Bryan hopped out and joined the crowd. "I say, what's happened?" he demanded of a pinply-faced youth.

"Oh, you, Fashion Plate." But the village boy wasn't jibing. He was agued; excited. "Your brother-in-law," he said. "Mr. Rawlings—guess he's dead—he was found down in the lake near the Thomasville cut-off."

"Why—why, good heavens, that's terrible—my brother-in-law, you say?" He knew that he should force his way into

the justice station, that was the normal thing to do—a shocked relative. . . . He'd phone poor Grace from inside. . . .

He was in the police station now, with two or three uniformed men clustering around him. It was all a blur in his terrified sight. A ring of staring eyes; ropes. . . . "Look! Him! Fashion Plate never looked like this before!"

"Who is he so frightened?"

"Damn queer—something queer about this, fellows—"

Hands were plucking at him. What in heaven's name could this mean? Then suddenly he realized that the policemen were searching him; taking things from his pockets. His familiar things from his jacket pocket. . . .

Then abruptly one of the big policemen was saying:

"You, Brian—when did you last see your brother-in-law?"

"Me? See Peter? Why—why, I haven't seen him for a week."

What was this? What was the matter with everybody here? These things they were taking from Brian's pockets—

"Didn't see him tonight—not at all today?" the policeman persisted.

"No, No, of course, I didn't."

"Didn't happen to go swimming with him tonight by any chance, did you?"

"Say, what's the matter with all you people? Is this some kind of joke? Of course, I didn't go swimming. Haven't seen Peter in a week, I told you."

"But you're a good swimmer?"

"Yes. Sure I am. What in hell has that—"

"You wouldn't let your brother-in-law drown waist deep in water, would you now?"

The big sergeant gestured with grim irony to the things he was taking from Bryan's trousers' pockets. . . . A memorandum dated today, on a billhead of Rawlings' store. . . . A telegram to Rawlings. . . .

"He got that telegram at nine o'clock tonight," the sergeant said. "Stuffed it here 'into his trousers' pocket—"

Sickened with horror, Bryan stared down at his white linen trousers, and his whirling mind swept back. . . . That dark cluster of ricks on the shorefront where he and Rawlings had undressed. . . . Their clothes had been in separate piles. Except the white trousers. He realized it now—the white trousers, both so familiar, laying partly on top of each other, with the white towel on them—just dim pallid blobs down there in the darkness of the ground. And as he dressed after the murder Bryan had been in such a panic of haste and excitement he had had no time to think of himself at all, nor in his dark car until he had come here. . . . The first time in his life that Sean Brummel had neglected his appearance!

"We've got you, Bryan—"

"Yes, you—you've got me—"

He hardly realized he was saying it. He was still blankly staring down at his white linen trousers. But they were Rawlings' white linen trousers crumpled and dirty, very far from being neatly pressed because Rawlings was no Fashion Plate!



# WORLD WONDERS



**SNAKES**  
CANNOT BE  
CHARMED  
WITH MUSIC  
THEY ARE DEAF!  
THEY HEAR ONLY  
THRU GROUND  
VIBRATIONS!



ON BOUGAINVILLE ISLAND  
IN THE SOLOMON GROUP THE  
DAYS ARE CLOUDY AND SUN  
SELDOM APPEARS **YET-**  
THE NATIVES ARE KNOWN  
FOR THEIR BLACK SKIN!



**T**HE TUSKS OF THE **RHINO**  
ARE NEITHER BONE NOR HORN  
BUT TIGHTLY COMPACTED  
HAIR.....



**T**HE HAIRY TARANTULAS OF  
CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA  
ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO CAPTURE  
AND KILL BIRDS.....

# HANGMAN

SPECIAL  
CASE  
NO. 26

B. F. F.

the CASE  
of the  
PYTHON'S  
CURSE





INDIA!  
LAND OF  
LEGEND!  
LAND OF  
THE WEIRD  
AND SUPER  
NATURAL!  
IT IS HERE,  
OUR  
STRANGE  
UNBELIEV-  
ABLE  
TALE  
BEGINS!  
HERE SUCH  
A TALE  
COULD  
BEGIN!  
IN  
INDIA!

IN THE BUSTLING  
MARKET PLACE OF  
AN ANCIENT HINDU  
TOWN!...



...THREE  
EXPLORERS  
CAUTIOUSLY APPROACH  
A SNAKE CHARMER...

LOOK,  
BAXTER!  
THERE  
IT IS!

GREAT  
SCOTT!  
THE RARE  
RINGED  
PYTHON!



IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE  
IN THE STATES, BUT THAT  
CHARMER'D NEVER SELL IT  
TO US! TO HIM, IT'S SACRED!  
NOW, HERE'S MY PLAN TO  
GET IT!.... LISTEN...



LATE THAT NIGHT, THE UNSCRUPULOUS  
FORTUNE HUNTERS PUT THEIR PLAN INTO  
EFFECT....

CAREFUL, WYLIE!  
WE DON'T WANT TO  
HAVE TO KILL  
THIS GUY!?

THE PYTHON IS IN  
THAT JAR! I SAW  
HIM PUT IT THERE!



SUDDENLY...

AARRHHH..  
HELP!!

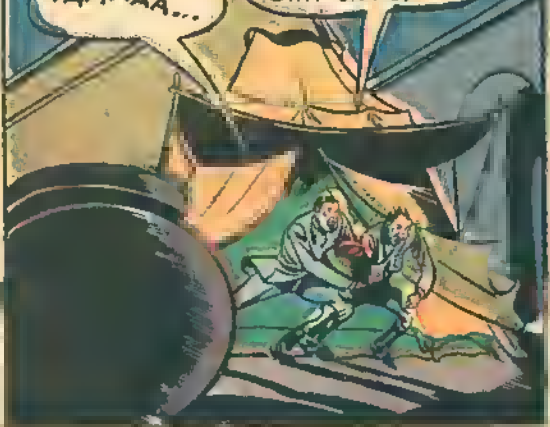
HOLY MACKERAL!  
ANOTHER SNAKE!  
IT'S GOT GORLEY!

GRAB  
THE JAR  
BEFORE  
THE HINDU  
AWAKES!



BAXTER..WYLIE..  
BEING CRUSHED..  
HELP..  
YAAAAA...

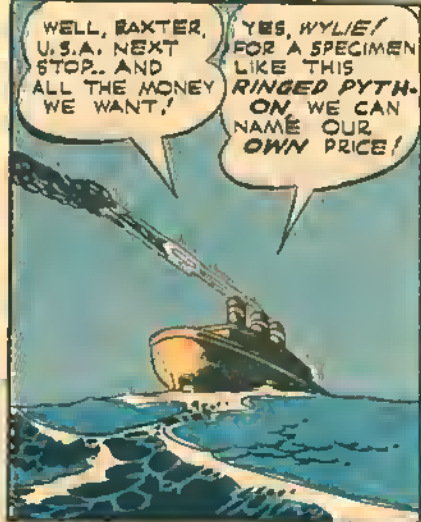
C'MON, NOTHING WE  
CAN DO FOR HIM NOW!  
LET'S SAVE OUR  
OWN SKINS!



BUT THE HINDU AWAKENS,  
AND...

THE CURSE OF  
THE SACRED PYTHON  
BE ON YOUR SOULS,  
FOUL INFIDELS!





WELL, BAXTER,  
U.S.A. NEXT  
STOP.. AND  
ALL THE MONEY  
WE WANT!

YES, WYLIE!  
FOR A SPECIMEN  
LIKE THIS  
**RINGED PYTH-**  
**ON**, WE CAN  
NAME OUR  
**OWN PRICE!**



AND IN NEW YORK...  
HALF A  
MILLION  
DOLLARS FOR  
THE SNAKE,  
AND NOT A  
CENT LESS!

YOU DRIVE  
A HARD  
BARGAIN,  
BAXTER,  
BUT IT'S  
A DEAL!



SO, IT IS ONE OF THE EX-  
PLORES BAXTER, BUYS A  
BEAUTIFUL HOME, WITH HIS  
ILL-GOTTEN GAINS....



AND INSIDE..

I CAN LIVE LIKE A KING  
NOW, AND ALL FOR THE  
PRICE OF A SNAKE CHARMER'S  
CURSE! HA, HA, HA!



TOO BAD, GORLEY GOT KILLED!  
THAT'S HIS TOUGH LUCK!  
WHA.. WHAT'S THAT?  
SOUNDS LIKE  
MUSIC!



..ORIENTAL MUSIC! LIKE  
THAT SNAKE CHARMER  
PLAYED! MUST BE MY  
IMAGINATION! I.. I.. I  
BETTER GET SOME  
SLEEP!!



YAH H H H..  
SOMETHING'S CRAWLING  
IN MY BED!



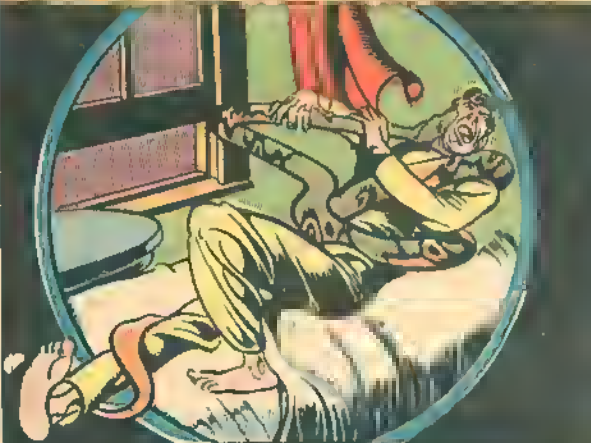
THE.. THE  
RINGED  
PYTHON!



PARALYZED WITH FEAR, BAXTER  
REMAINS AS THOUGH ROOTED TO HIS  
BED... THEN...



TIGHTER, AND TIGHTER, THE PYTHON COILS ITSELF  
AROUND THE HELPLESS VICTIM AND ALL THE WHILE  
THE WEIRD MUSIC BECOMES LOUDER....



STILL TIGHTER! UNTIL  
THE VICTIM'S FEEBLE  
STRUGGLES FOREVER CEASE...



AND THEN THE  
MUSICIAN STANDS FORTH  
THE SNAKE CHARMER



BACK TO YOUR MASTER,  
MY PRETTY ONE!  
WE HAVE MORE  
WORK TO DO  
THIS NIGHT!



WHAT'S ALL THE  
NOISE IN HERE...  
EEE... MR.  
BAXTER... MR.  
BAXTER...  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENED?



POLICE... POLICE... THIS  
IS MR. BAXTER'S MAID!  
HURRY OVER! MR. BAXTER'S  
DEAD! MURDERED!





DEAD ENOUGH, ALL  
RIGHT, DICKERING!  
EVERY BONE IN  
HIS BODY IS BROKEN!  
HOW THE HECK COULD  
IT HAVE HAPPENED?

A CERTAIN TYPE OF  
SNAKE COULD  
HAVE DONE IT  
CHIEF! A BOA-  
CONSTRUCTOR, OR  
A PYTHON!



YOU, AND YOUR COCKEYED  
THEORIES! WHAT WOULD  
A SNAKE BE DOIN'  
AROUND THESE  
PARTS, DICKERING?

I DON'T  
KNOW! I  
JUST  
THOUGHT!



WHY, MR.  
BAXTER JUST  
SOLD A SNAKE  
TO THE ZOO.  
GENTLEMEN!

SO WHAT? IF THE  
SNAKE HAD ES-  
CAPED, THEY'D  
HAVE NOTIFIED  
THE POLICE!



LOOKS LIKE THE CHIEF'S  
DETERMINED NOT TO BE-  
LIEVE MY SNAKE THEORY.  
I'M GOING TO HAVE A  
PRIVATE  
CHAT WITH  
THAT  
MAID!



YES, MR. DICKERING.  
MR. BAXTER HAD  
A COUPLA OTHERS  
WITH HIM IN  
INDIA! A MR.  
GORLEY, AND  
A MR. WILEY!

AND YOU  
SAY,  
GORLEY  
DIDN'T  
COME BACK  
WITH 'EM,  
EH??



WELL, S'LONG,  
CHIEF! GOTTA SEE  
A MAN ABOUT  
A SNAKE!

I DON'T LIKE  
THE WAY YOU  
SAY THAT, DICKERING!  
WHAT ARE YEZ  
UP TO?



EXIT, BOB DICKERING! ENTER THE  
HANGMAN! AND NOW, WE'LL SEE, WHAT  
MR. WILEY HAS TO SAY ABOUT MY SNAKE  
HUNCH! FORTUNATELY, THAT MAID  
KNEW HIS ADDRESS!!



I DON'T KNOW, WHY IT IS! BUT SOMEHOW I  
FEEL AS THOUGH I MUST HURRY! AS THOUGH  
THE SAME FATE IS HANGING OVER  
WILEY'S HEAD!

THIS IS THE  
NEIGHBORHOOD!  
NOT A VERY NICE  
ONE FOR A FELLOW  
WHO JUST MADE  
A FORTUNE, SELLING  
A SNAKE!

IN WILEY'S HOUSE!.

PERHAPS, I SHOULD  
HAVE TAKEN MY  
SHARE OF THAT  
MONEY, DEAR!  
I COULD HAVE  
GIVEN YOU NICE  
THINGS,  
AND..

NO,  
DARLING!  
YOU DID  
RIGHT IN  
SENDING IT  
TO GORLEY'S  
WIDOW!

IT WAS BLOOD  
MONEY.. AND  
WE NEVER  
WOULD HAVE  
BEEN HAPPY  
WITH IT!

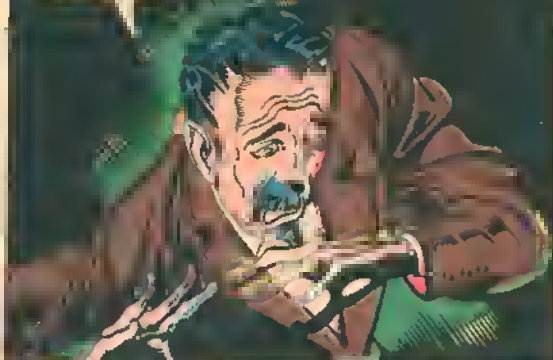
YES! I  
NEVER WANTED  
TO STEAL THAT  
SNAKE! BUT  
BAXTER TALKED  
ME INTO IT! WELL  
GOOD NIGHT,  
DEAR!!

I DIDN'T TELL  
MY WIFE ABOUT THAT  
HORRIBLE CURSE, THE  
SNAKE CHARMER FLUNG  
AFTER US! IT'S ONLY  
NONSENSE ANYWAY,  
BUT IT MIGHT ALARM  
HER!!!

WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE  
MUSIC!.. ORIENTAL MUSIC!  
RIGHT OUTSIDE MY  
WINDOW!

WHO'D BE PLAYING  
MUSIC ANYWAY, THIS  
TIME OF NIGHT?  
AND SUCH A  
WEIRD TUNE!

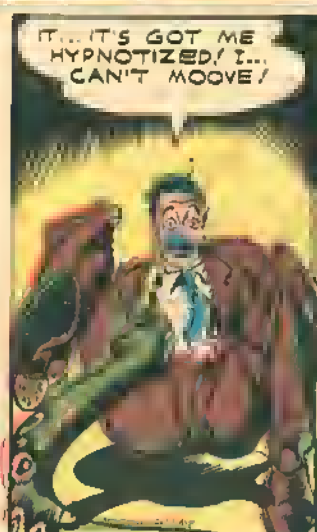
WAIT! THAT WAS THE  
MUSIC, WE HEARD IN INDIA!  
THE SNAKE CHARMER'S  
MUSIC! THE CURSE!  
BUT.. BUT IT CAN'T  
BE!!



YEE OOWW..  
THE RINGED  
PYTHON!



IT... IT'S GOT ME  
HYPNOTIZED! I...  
CAN'T MOOVE!



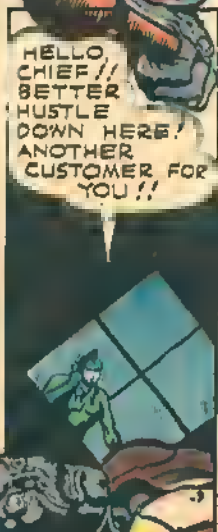
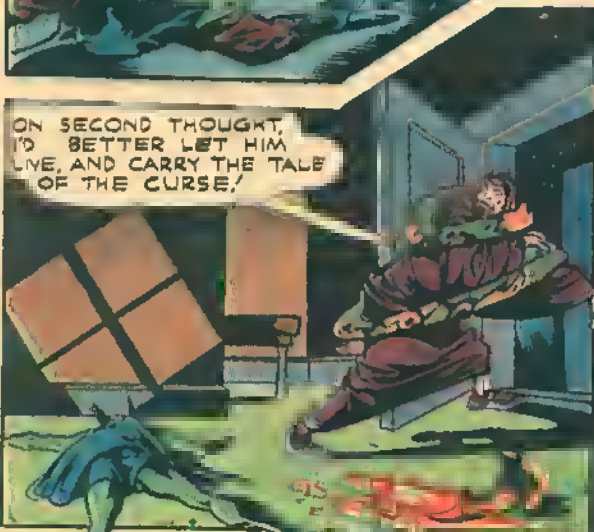
SUDDENLY, THE GLOOM  
ERUPTS, THE LITHE FIGURE  
OF THE HANGMAN....



.. AND AS THE HANGMAN  
BATTLES THE DEADLY PYTHON,  
A KNIFE FLASHES THROUGH  
THE AIR A-D.....







..AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO REMOVE A SNAKE FROM THE ZOO, WITHOUT IT'S BEING REPORTED TO THE POLICE...IF THE ZOO-KEEPER HIMSELF TOOK IT!!!



AH..THE RINGED PYTHON IS MISSING FROM HIS CAGE THAT MEANS I GOT HERE BEFORE IT COULD BE PUT BACK!



AS THOUGH WARNED BY SOME SIXTH SENSE, THE HANGMAN WHIRLS AROUND TO SEE..



YOU DON'T CATCH ME, THE SECOND TIME!

YOU'VE BEEN DOING A LOT OF PITCHING!



NOW LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE AT CATCHING!



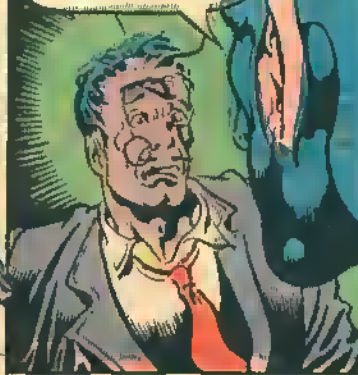
YOUR JIG'S UP...



..MR. GORLEY!, ALIAS, THE SNAKE CHARMER



AND YOU'RE GOING TO HANG, FOR THE MURDER OF YOUR TWO FELLOW EXPLORERS, BAXTER, AND WILEY! HANG, DO YOU HEAR?



NO, I WON'T, HANGMAN! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FIGURED IT OUT!





BUT THOSE RATS LEFT ME TO DIE! I ESCAPED AFTER ALL! I GOT A JOB AS A GUARD IN THIS ZOO, SO I COULD HAVE ACCESS TO THE PYTHON!

THAT HINDU'S CURSE GAVE ME THE IDEA ON HOW TO GET MY REVENGE! SO I DISGUISED MYSELF AS HIM!

BUT NOW, I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, TOO, HANGMAN! YOU'LL NEVER HANG ME!

WATCH OUT! THE PYTHON...

WHA--

HANGMAN! HELP! IT'S STRANGLING ME!

GOOD LORD! THAT THING'S GOT HIM AROUND THE THROAT... LIKE A NOOSE!

BANG

DEAD! HE WAS HANGED BY THE NECK, AFTER ALL!

POOR MISGUIDED FOOL! HE MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT, IF I HADN'T BEATEN HIM BACK TO THE ZOO! BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, WITH CRIMINALS! THERE'S ALWAYS THAT IF!

HAVE YOU TUNED IN ON THE **BLACK HOOD?** EVERY DAY MONDAY TO FRIDAY ON THE MUTUAL BROADCASTING COMPANY! WRITE STATION WOR N.Y.C., N.Y. AND TELL THEM YOU'D LIKE TO KEEP HEARING **THE BLACK HOOD!** WRITE NOW!

# THE **BLACK HOOD**

## WANTS YOU TO TUNE IN ON THE WOR

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM



**T**HE **BLACK HOOD** IS ON THE AIR EVERY DAY MONDAY TO FRIDAY ON THE W.O.R. MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM! CONSULT YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR THE TIME... AND TUNE IN! A TWIST OF THE DIAL... AND YOU'RE ON THE HIGH ROAD TO THRILLS! SHAKES AND QUAKES! CREEPS AND SHRIEKS... WITH THE GREATEST CRIME FIGHTER OF THEM ALL... **THE BLACK HOOD**! WRITE TO THE **BLACK HOOD, WOR, N.Y.C.** HE'LL BE VERY GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU! AND REMEMBER, WHEN YOU'RE READING AN **M.L.J. PUBLICATION**... YOU'RE READING THE **BEST** COMIC MAGAZINE MONEY CAN BUY!! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO **THE BLACK HOOD STATION W.O.R., N.Y.C. N.Y.**



# HANGMAN

*Special Case*  
no. 27

**Pirates**  
out of  
the  
**Past**

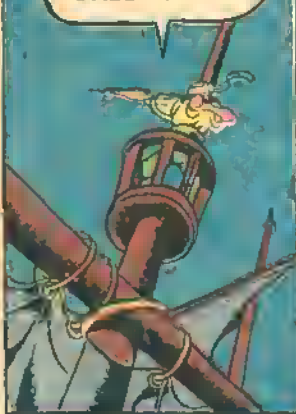


B. FIVE

A STRANGE GHOSTLY FOG HANGS OVER THE OCEAN... BUT NO STRANGER IS IT THAN THE SHIP IT BLANKETS - AN ANCIENT SPANISH GALLEON

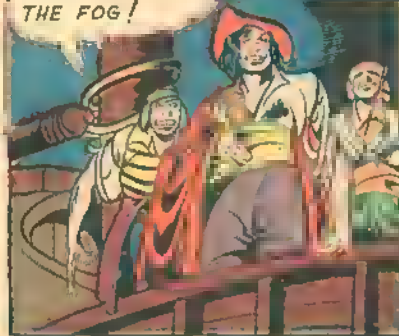


AND IN THE CROW'S NEST LAND! LAND DEAD AHEAD, CAPTAIN BALBO!



LAND AT LONG LAST! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE LAND AGAIN!

SI, CAPTAIN BALBO! IT MUST BE MONTHS SINCE WE FIRST FLOATED INTO THE FOG!



YES! I WAS ALMOST BEGINNING TO THINK IT WAS BAD LUCK FOR US TO HAVE PLUNDERED AND SUNK THAT SHIP CARRYING THE SPANISH CHURCH'S GOLD!

HA, HA, HA, HA



IS THIS SOME JEST AN ANCIENT SHIP WHOSE CREW SEEMS MADE UP OF ANCIENT PIRATES? AND YET WHEN THE PIRATE CAPTAIN GOES TO HIS QUARTERS, HE OPENS HIS LOG BOOK AND INSCRIBES IN IT, SERIOUSLY ENOUGH

THE DATE - 1498



MAKE FOR THAT COVE, MEN!



I, CAPTAIN BALBO CLAIM THIS LAND! WE SHALL BUILD OUR HEADQUARTERS HERE!



AND ON THIS VERY SPOT SHALL WE BURY OUR LOOT!



BUT UNSEEN, THERE IS A SPECTATOR TO THE BIZARRE SCENE ON THE BEACH...

GEE WHIZ... GOLLY! PIRATES! MAYBE THEY'RE MAKIN' A MOVING PICTURE!

A MOVING PICTURE... PERHAPS! AND YET THE CAST OF CHARACTERS SEEM CURIOUSLY SINCERE

START DIGGING HERE, MATIES!

AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN BALBO!

DEEPER! MUCH DEEPER!

SEEMS LIKE THIS IS DEEP ENOUGH CAPTAIN! WE'RE NOT DIGGING A GRAVE!

[SUDDENLY, THE CAPTAIN'S EYES GLEAM WICKEDLY AND HE DRAWS A PAIR OF ANCIENT PISTOLS...

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE MATES! YOU ARE DIGGING A GRAVE! YOUR GRAVE! HA, HA, HA, HA!

BANG

BANG

THEN IT IS, THE CURIOUS YOUNGSTER REALIZES THIS SCENE IS REAL...

FOOLS! DID YOU THINK I'D ALLOW ANYONE ELSE BUT MYSELF TO KNOW WHERE THIS TREASURE IS HIDDEN

HE... HE KILLED 'EM- THE MURDERER!

I'M GONNA CALL THE COPS!

WHA.. THE  
HANGMAN!

WHOA, YOUNG  
FELLOW! YOU  
SEEM IN A TERR-  
IBLE HURRY!



YOU SAW  
IT TOO,  
HANGMAN?

IT WOULDN'T BE  
THAT PIRATE SHIP  
THAT FRIGHTENED  
YOU SO!



THEN MAYBE YOU  
SAW THE PIRATE  
CAPTAIN MUR-  
DER TWO  
OF HIS MEN  
AN' BURY  
'EM BACK

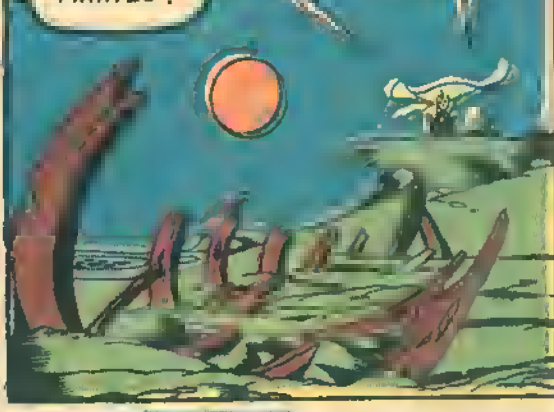
HERE WITH  
THE TREAS-  
URE...



MURDER... BURIED TREASURE... SOUNDS  
LIKE SOMETHING ONLY A KID WOULD DREAM  
UP- IF I HADN'T SEEN THAT CRAZY SHIP MY-  
SELF.. C'MON YOUNG FELLOW! SHOW ME  
WHERE...

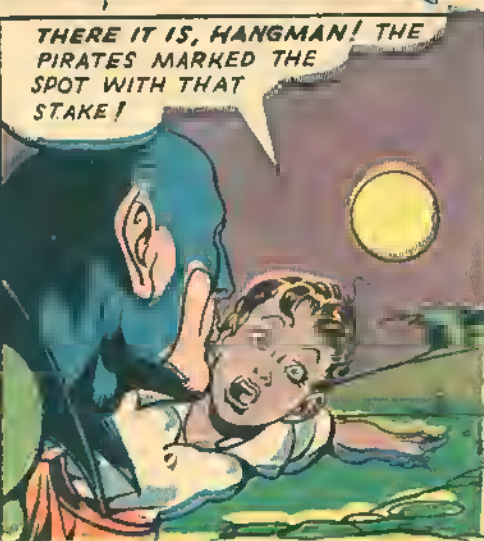


I LINED UP THE PIRATE  
SHIP WITH THIS ROTTED  
HULK. IS THIS WHERE  
YOU SAW THE  
PIRATES?



NO! A LITTLE  
FURTHER DOWN  
THE BEACH!

THERE IT IS, HANGMAN! THE  
PIRATES MARKED THE  
SPOT WITH THAT  
STAKE!



HMM... LEFT THE  
SHOVEL HERE, TOO!  
MUST PLAN  
ON RETURNING  
SOON. BETTER START  
DIGGING FAST!

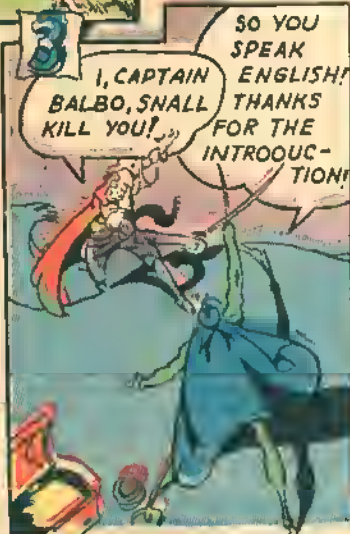
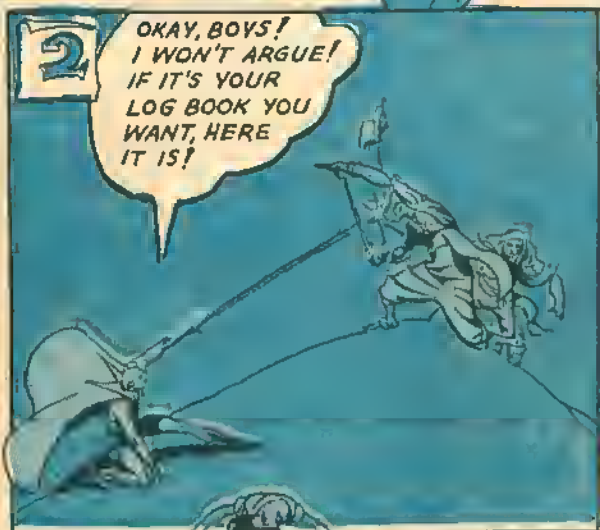
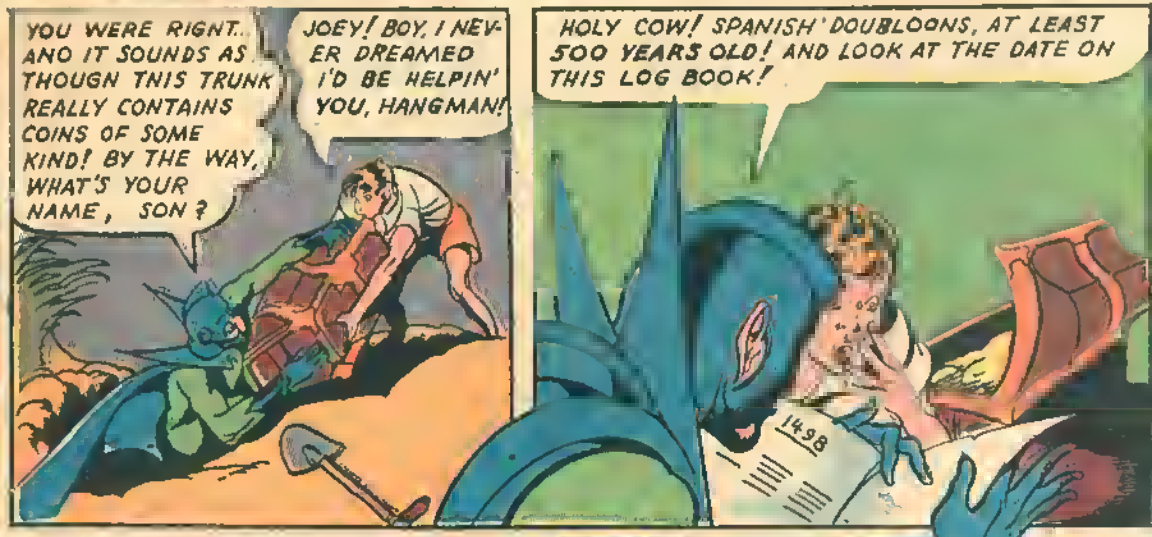




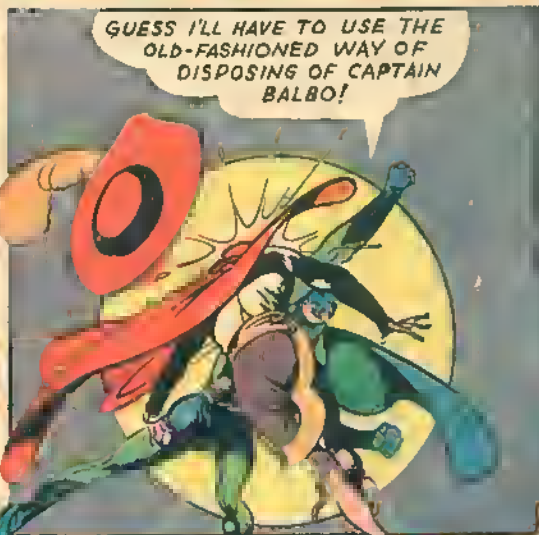
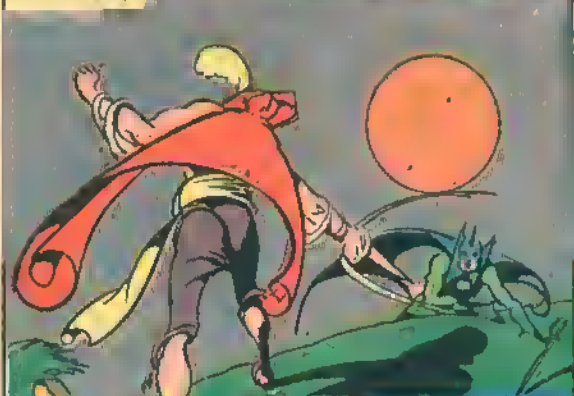
YOU WERE RIGHT..  
AND IT SOUNDS AS  
THOUGH THIS TRUNK  
REALLY CONTAINS  
COINS OF SOME  
KIND! BY THE WAY,  
WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME, SON?

JOEY! BOY, I NEVER  
DREAMED  
I'D BE HELPIN'  
YOU, HANGMAN!

HOLY COW! SPANISH 'DOUBLOONS, AT LEAST  
500 YEARS OLD! AND LOOK AT THE DATE ON  
THIS LOG BOOK!

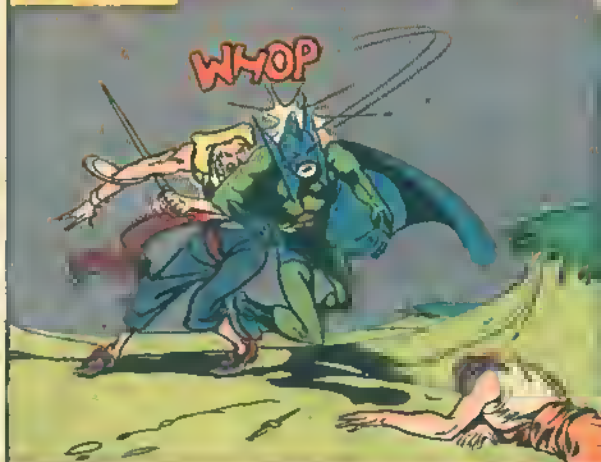


BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE HANGMAN HIMSELF, IS IN DEADLY PERIL AS THE PIRATE CAPTAIN DEXTEROUSLY DISARMS HIM, AND ADVANCES WITH THE WICKED LOOK OF MURDER GLEAMING IN HIS EYES!





BUT THEN, ANOTHER PIRATE SKULKS UP FROM BEHIND AND...

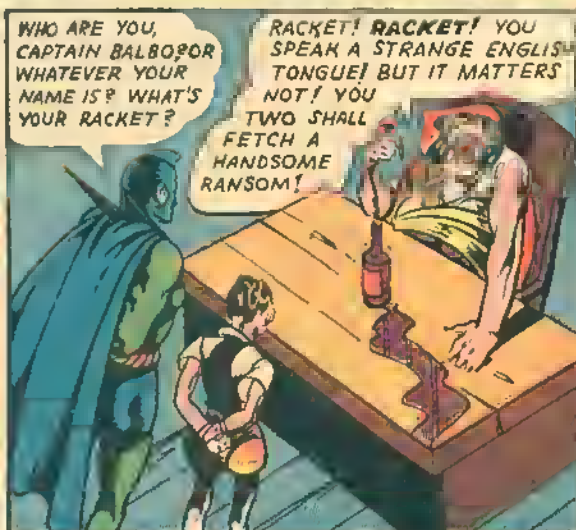


BOUND AND UNCONSCIOUS, THE HANGMAN AND JOEY ARE TAKEN TO THE GHOST SHIP...



WHO ARE YOU, CAPTAIN BALBO? WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS? WHAT'S YOUR RACKET?

RACKET! RACKET! YOU SPEAK A STRANGE ENGLISH TONGUE! BUT IT MATTERS NOT! YOU TWO SHALL FETCH A HANDSOME RANSOM!



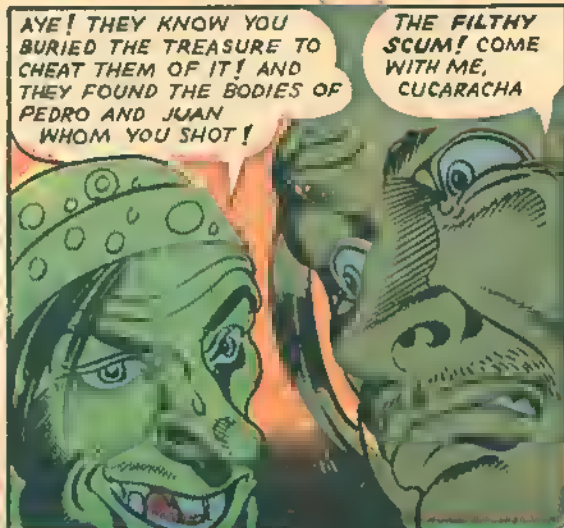
CAPTAIN BALBO! COME QUICK! I OVERHEARD THE MEN TALKING OF MUTINY!

WHAT!



AYE! THEY KNOW YOU BURIED THE TREASURE TO CHEAT THEM OF IT! AND THEY FOUND THE BODIES OF PEDRO AND JUAN WHOM YOU SHOT!

THE FILTHY SCUM! COME WITH ME, CUCARACHA

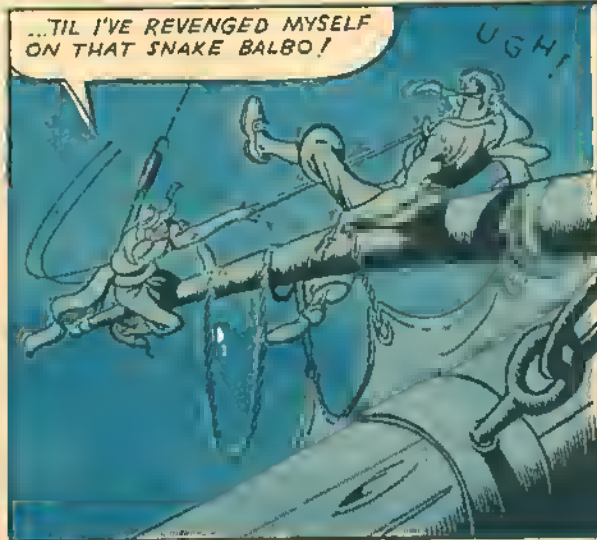
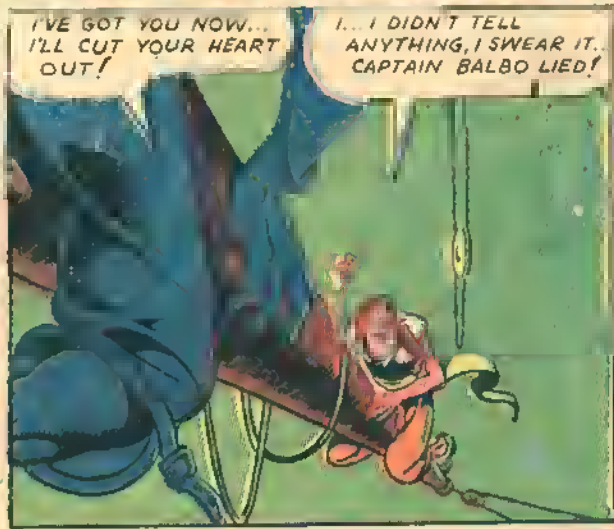
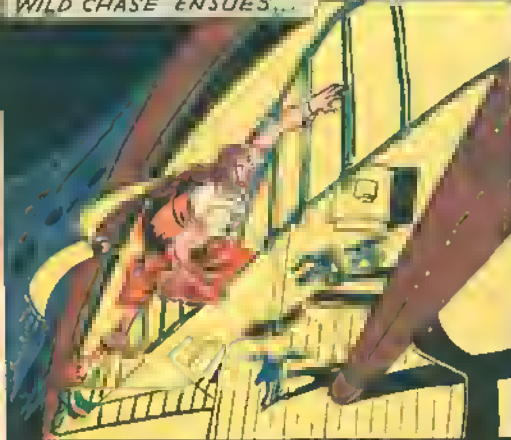


LISTEN TO ME, YOU SWINE 'Twill DO YOU NO GOOD TO PLOT AGAINST ME! I HAVE SPIES AMONG YOU. I KNOW YOUR EVERY MOVE!





SQUEALING WITH TERROR, THE COCKROACH FRANTICALLY TRIES TO ELUDE HIS BLOOD-THIRSTY VENGEFUL PURSUERS—AND A WILD CHASE ENSUES...





BUT THE COCKROACH  
LOSES HIS BALANCE AND  
TOPPLES OFF HIS PERCH

11

A  
A  
I  
E  
E

2

STILL ALIVE AND  
KICKING, EH!  
FEED 'IM TO THE  
SHARKS, MEN!

3

AS FOR YOU, CAPTAIN BALBO,  
WE'RE NOT THROUGH WITH  
YOU YET! WE WANT OUR  
SHARE OF THAT LOOT-AND  
WE WANT IT NOW!

CERTAINLY, YOU  
GET YOUR SHARES!  
YOU DON'T THINK  
I'D CHEAT YOU,  
DO YOU?

NEVER  
MIND THE  
TALK! JUST  
DIVIDE  
THE  
SPOILS!

JUST A MINUTE, ALL OF YOU! I DON'T KNOW  
WHO YOU ARE-OR HOW YOU GOT HERE! BUT  
YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME! IT'S POINTLESS  
TO SQUABBLE AMONG YOURSELVES ABOUT  
YOUR BLOODY SPOILS!

IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, THEN YOU ALL  
SHOULD HAVE DIED MORE THAN 4  
CENTURIES AGO! THIS IS THE YEAR 1943!  
THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO IS GIVE  
YOURSELVES UP TO  
THE PROPER  
AUTHORITIES!

HE'S A FILTHY AGENT OF KING FERDINAND, I SAY LADS TRYIN' TO SAVE HIS SKIN WITH A PACK OF LIES!

IT'S TRUE I TELL YOU!

STRING IM FROM THE YARDARM!

CUT HIS GIZZARD OUT!

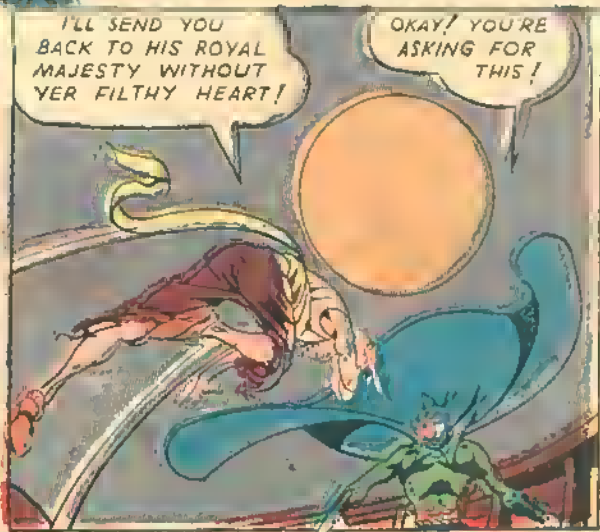
IT'S A TRICK TO ROB US OF OUR LOOT!



STAND BACK, LADS! I GET FIRST CRACK AT HIM!

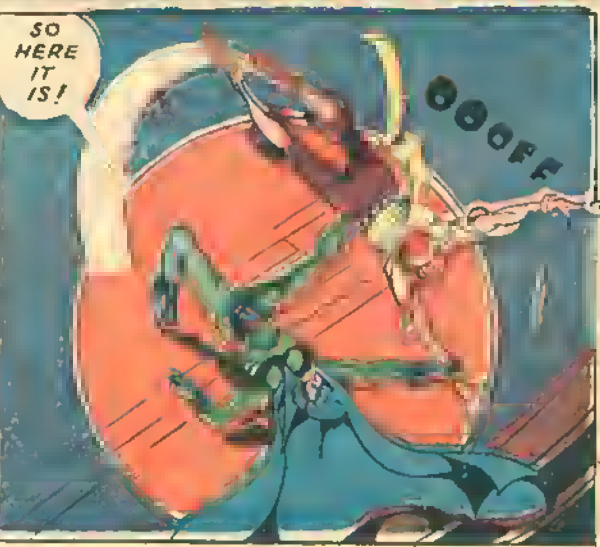
I'LL SEND YOU BACK TO HIS ROYAL MAJESTY WITHOUT YER FILTHY HEART!

OKAY! YOU'RE ASKING FOR THIS!



SO HERE IT IS!

OOOFF



SPLASH



HELP MATES!  
A SHARK!  
HELP...



YEEOWWW....  
HE'S GOT ME BY  
THE LEG!....

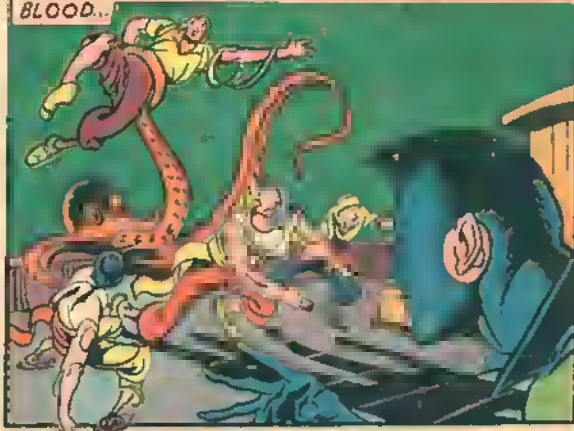


AT 'IM LADS! WE'LL  
FINISH 'IM OFF  
QUICK!

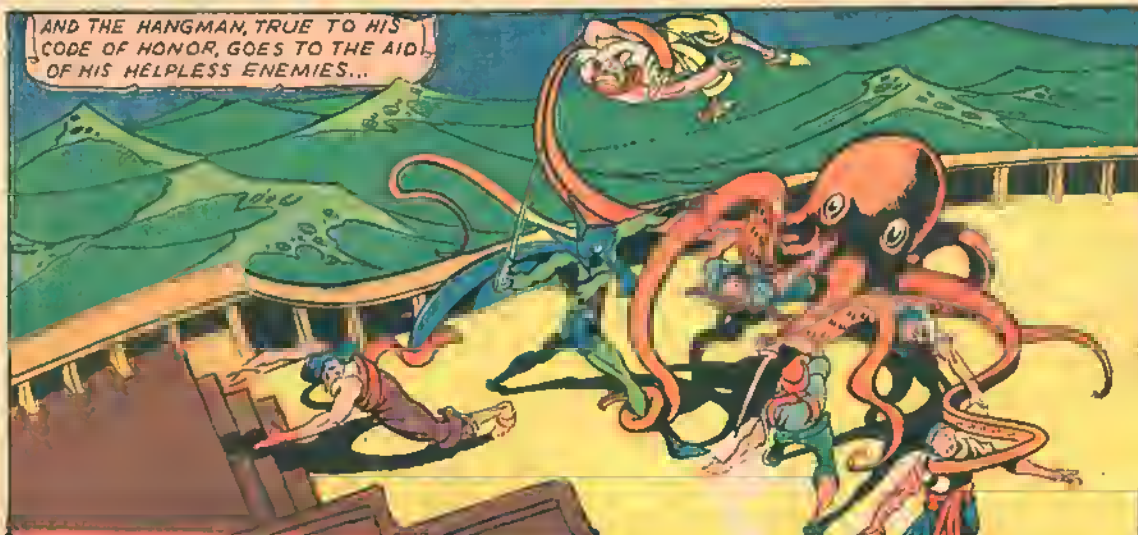
WOW...LOOK'S LIKE  
MY GOOSE IS COOKED!  
I CAN'T FIGHT THE  
WHOLE CREW!  
UNARMED!



JUST AS THINGS SEEM HOPELESS FOR THE  
HANGMAN, FATE COMES TO HIS AID IN THE  
SHAPE OF AN OCTOPUS, DREAD DENIZEN OF  
THE DEEP, ATTRACTED BY THE SMELL OF  
BLOOD...



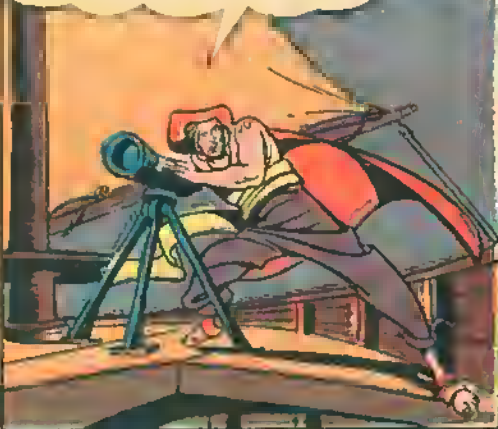
AND THE HANGMAN, TRUE TO HIS  
CODE OF HONOR, GOES TO THE AID  
OF HIS HELPLESS ENEMIES...



NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET RID OF THAT ACCURSED KING'S AGENT... AND SOME OF THOSE MUTINOUS SWINE, TOO!

WHAT IN... THE RAT'S TURNING THE CANNON ON HIS OWN MEN!

AN ANCIENT BUT MURDEROUS WEAPON, CUTS A WIDE SWATH OF DEATH IN THE RANKS.



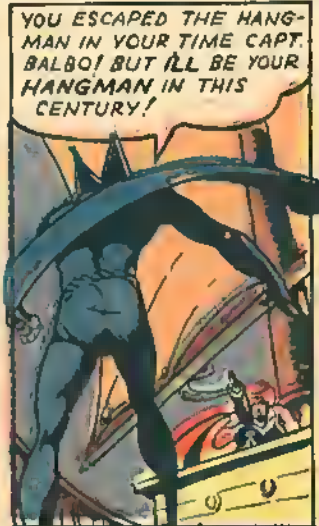
AND AT THAT MOMENT...

YOU ESCAPED THE HANGMAN IN YOUR TIME CAPT. BALBO! BUT I'LL BE YOUR HANGMAN IN THIS CENTURY!

YOU'LL BE A DEAD HANGMAN AS SOON AS I PULL THIS...

**UGH**

I TOLD YE THE COCKROACH'D GET HIS REVENGE CAPTAIN BALBO!

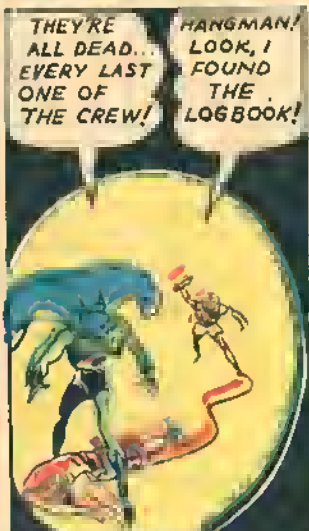


THEY'RE ALL DEAD... EVERY LAST ONE OF THE CREW!

HANGMAN! LOOK, I FOUND THE LOGBOOK!

HMM... IT'S BALBO'S LOG BOOK ALL RIGHT! WITH ALL HIS CRIMES RECORDED HERE! CRIMES COMMITTED IN THE 15TH CENTURY!

DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S TRUE HANGMAN?





I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK, JOEY. IT ALL SOUNDS SO FANTASTIC, AND YET... JOEY! WATCH OUT! THAT MAST! IT'S TOPPLING OUR WAY!



JUMP! THE WHOLE SHIP IS CRACKING UP. IT'LL SINK ANY MINUTE!

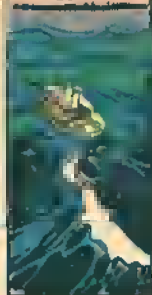


THAT'S FUNNY, ONE MINUTE IT SEEMED SOLID ENOUGH, AND THE NEXT, IT WENT COMPLETELY TO PIECES!

HOW'RE WE GONNA GET BACK TO SHORE!...I CAN'T SWIM THAT FAR!



FORTUNATELY JOEY'S QUESTION IS ANSWERED BY A COAST GUARD CUTTER WHICH COMES STEAMING UP



I DON'T GET IT. WE JUST PICKED YOU UP - AND NOW YOU WANT TO GO DOWN IN A DIVING HELMET? WHY?

TO BRING YOU PROOF OF A STORY I HARDLY BELIEVE MYSELF! PROOF THAT WENT DOWN WITH THAT SHIP?



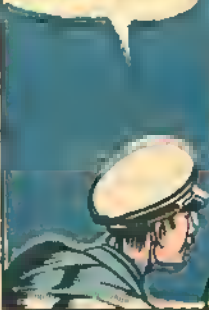
GREAT SCOT! THIS IS THE SPOT IT SANK. I'M POSITIVE! AND YET...



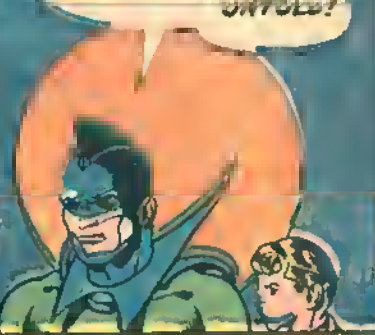
THE SHIP AND THE CREW ARE ALL ROTTED AWAY—JUST AS THOUGH THEY'D BEEN HERE FOR CENTURIES...



WELL, HANGMAN, ARE YOU READY TO TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT? DID YOU GET THE PROOF YOU WERE LOOKING FOR?



YES, CAPTAIN, I CONVINCED MYSELF! AS FOR THE STORY, IT WOULDN'T LOOK GOOD AS AN OFFICIAL REPORT—SO PERHAPS IT HAD BEST BE LEFT UNTOLD!



# The HANGMAN'S PUZZLE

WHO MURDERED WENDEL WHITE ??? HE WAS CRUELLY KILLED BY ONE OF FIVE RELATIVES WHO WORKED FOR HIM...WHO DID IT ? THE HANGMAN KNOWS -- DO **YOU** ?



THIS IS TOBEY WHITE, CAPTAIN OF THE YACHT.



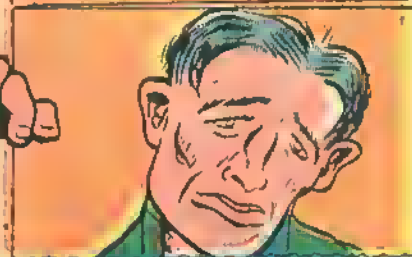
THIS IS CABOY WHITE THE ARTIST...



THIS IS BARON WHITE'S THE BAKER



THIS IS CAROL WHITE, FAMILY ORGANIST.



THIS IS GARRY WHITE THE FAMILY TAILOR

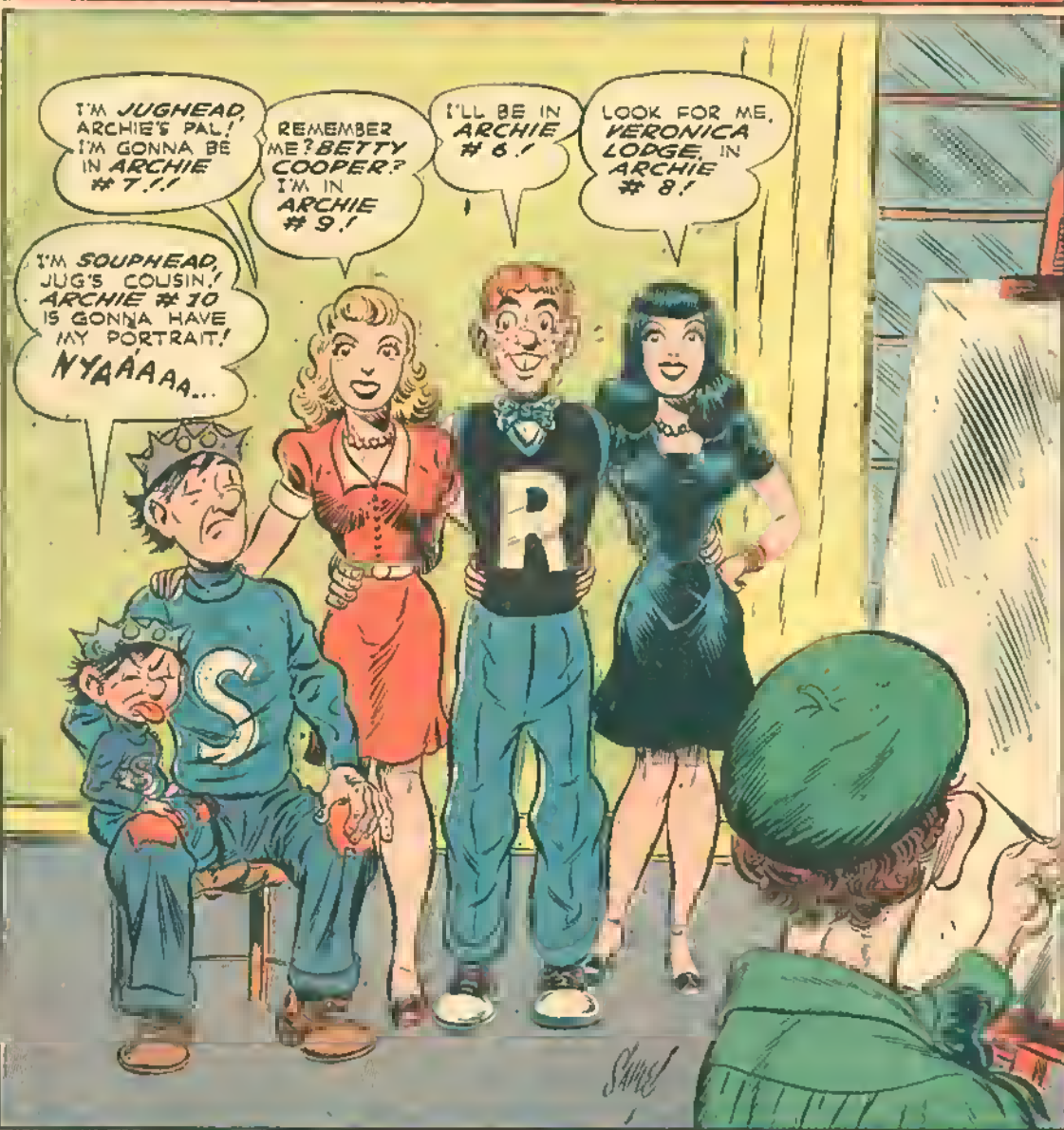
HERE IS THE HANGMAN'S CLUE...JUST TAKE THE FIRST LETTER OF THE JOB OF EACH SUSPECT AND YOU WILL KNOW THE NAME OF THE KILLER.... HERE IS THE ANSWER TO READ IT...HOLD IT UP TO A MIRROR **TODAY**



# GREAT NEWS

**STARTING IN ARCHIE COMICS #6, THE ARTIST WILL DRAW PAGE-SIZED FULL-COLORED AUTOGRAPHED, PORTRAITS OF ARCHIE AND HIS GANG!**

**THESE PORTRAITS ARE SUITABLE FOR FRAMING. EVERY ISSUE OF ARCHIE COMICS WILL CONTAIN ONE OF THESE PORTRAITS!!**



**DON'T FORGET TO TUNE IN ON THE ADVENTURES OF ARCHIE ANDREWS ON YOUR RADIO! ARCHIE APPEARS EVERY DAY, MONDAY TO FRIDAY, OVER W.J.Z, AND THE BLUE NETWORK! CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR THE TIME! AND REMEMBER, ARCHIE WANTS TO HEAR FROM YOU! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER OR POSTCARD TO, ARCHIE ANDREWS, CARE OF, STATION W.J.Z, NEW YORK CITY! DO IT NOW! HE'LL BE HAPPY TO HEAR FROM YOU!!!!**

# ROY and DUSTY The Boy Buddies

By Bill Vignola

ELECTION TIME DRAWS CLOSE BUT THIS YEAR THE CITY GOES ABOUT IT'S BUSINESS CALMLY! THE VOTE IS MERE FORMALITY, FOR POPULAR MAYOR GILBERT HAS NO REAL RIVALS!!

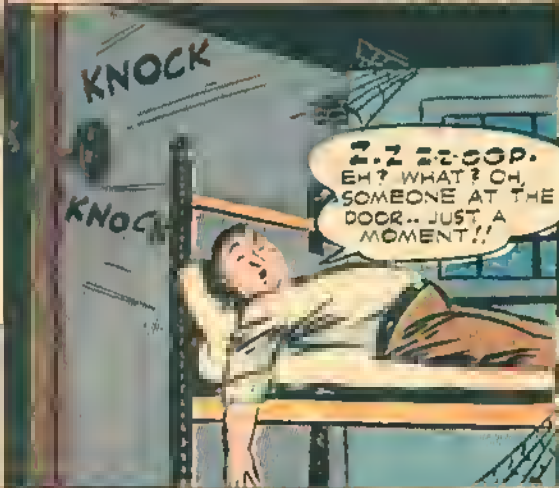




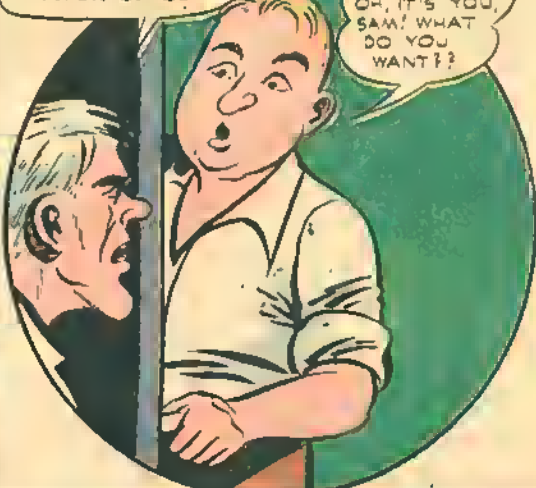
WHAT KIND OF A GAME IS THIS? AN UNKNOWN MAN ELECTED MAYOR OF A GREAT CITY?

CONGRATULATIONS, MAYOR BINGLE!

WHO IS IT?  
OH, IT'S YOU, SAM! WHAT DO YOU WANT?!



2.2 22-00P.  
EH? WHAT? OH,  
SOMEONE AT THE  
DOOR.. JUST A  
MOMENT!!



THE NEWS SINKS IN...

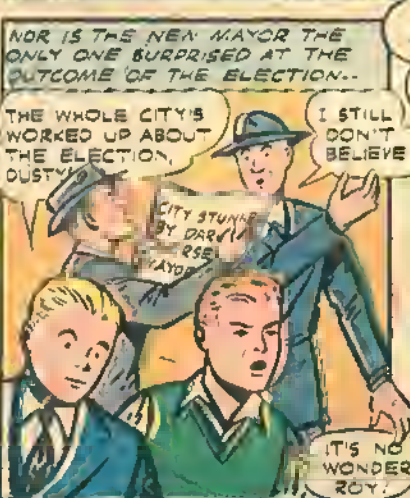
COME IN...  
DON'T GET  
EXCITED.. WHAT  
DID YOU SAY?  
MAYOR?  
W. WHO?  
M-ME?

THAT'S RIGHT,  
YOU'VE BEEN  
ELECTED!



BY A LANDSLIDE!  
THE BIGGEST UPSET  
IN HISTORY.. WHY,  
MR. MAYOR!

O.O.O.  
O-O-O-O



NOR IS THE NEW MAYOR THE  
ONLY ONE SURPRISED AT THE  
OUTCOME OF THE ELECTION..

THE WHOLE CITY'S  
WORKED UP ABOUT  
THE ELECTION,  
DUSTY!

CITY STUNNED  
BY DARTON  
ELECTED  
MAYOR

I STILL  
DON'T  
BELIEVE IT!

IT'S NO  
WONDER  
ROY!



BOY! EVERYBODY'S  
ACTING AS THOUGH  
IT'S THE BIGGEST  
WONDER OF  
THE WORLD!

CAN'T  
SAY I  
BLAME  
'EM! LET'S  
LOOK IN ON  
OLD BINGLE,  
ROY!

IMAGINE AN  
AMATEUR  
RUNNING THIS  
CITY!!



AT CITY HALL..

THINK,  
HE'LL  
REMEMBER  
US??

I DON'T  
KNOW! IT'S  
A LONG TIME  
SINCE HE  
DID HIM  
THAT  
FAVOR!

IMAGINE THAT! AFTER RUNNING FOR EVERY OFFICE IN THE BOOKS ON A REFORM PLATFORM, HE BECOMES MAYOR!



MAYOR  
PRIVATE

KNOCK  
KNOCK

YEAH! MAYBE HE'LL TELL US, HOW HE DID IT!

BOY! DUSTY! AM I GLAD YOU CAME!

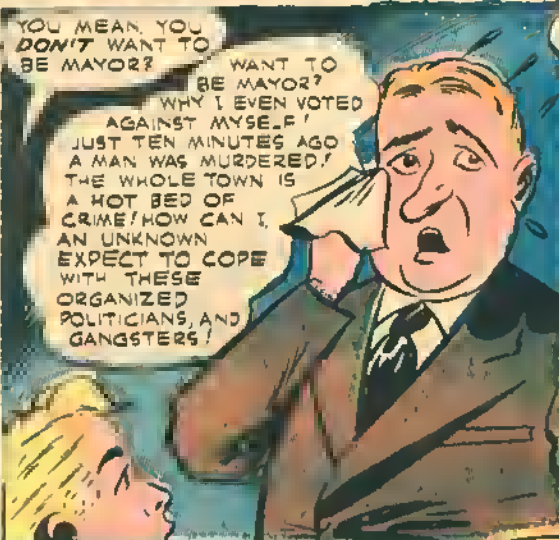


HELLO MR. BINGLE! WE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D REMEMBER US!!



HOW DID YOU SWING IT, BIN... ER.. MR. MAYOR?

THE ELECTION BOARD FORGOT TO TAKE MY NAME OFF THE BALLOT.. IT'S ALL A TERRIBLE MISTAKE! I HAVEN'T ANY PROGRAM, AND NOW, THAT I'M MAYOR, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!



YOU MEAN, YOU DON'T WANT TO BE MAYOR?

WANT TO BE MAYOR?  
WHY I EVEN VOTED AGAINST MYSELF!  
JUST TEN MINUTES AGO A MAN WAS MURDERED, THE WHOLE TOWN IS A HOT BED OF CRIME! HOW CAN I, AN UNKNOWN EXPECT TO COPE WITH THESE ORGANIZED POLITICIANS, AND GANGSTERS!

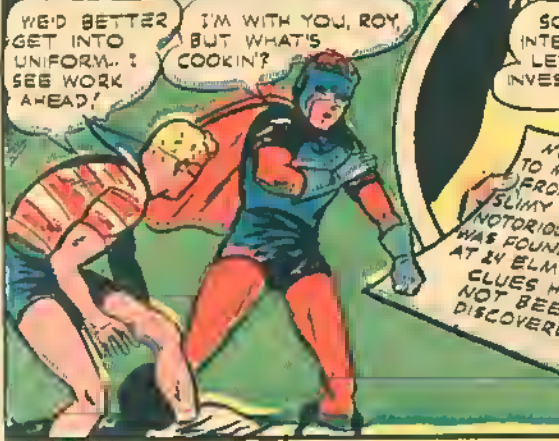


WELL, SO LONG, MR MAYOR, WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!

MAYBE WE'LL BE ABLE TO HELP IN SOME WAY!

NO ONE CAN HELP ME, IT'S TOO FANTASTIC!!

OUTSIDE, DUSTY LEADS HIS PAL INTO A HALLWAY. THEY EMERGE AS THE BOY, DETECTIVE, AND... SUPER-BOY...



WE'D BETTER GET INTO UNIFORM... I SEE WORK AHEAD!

I'M WITH YOU, ROY, BUT WHAT'S COOKIN'?

I SWIPED THIS NOTE FROM THE MAYOR'S DESK!!

SOUNDS INTERESTING LET'S INVESTIGATE!

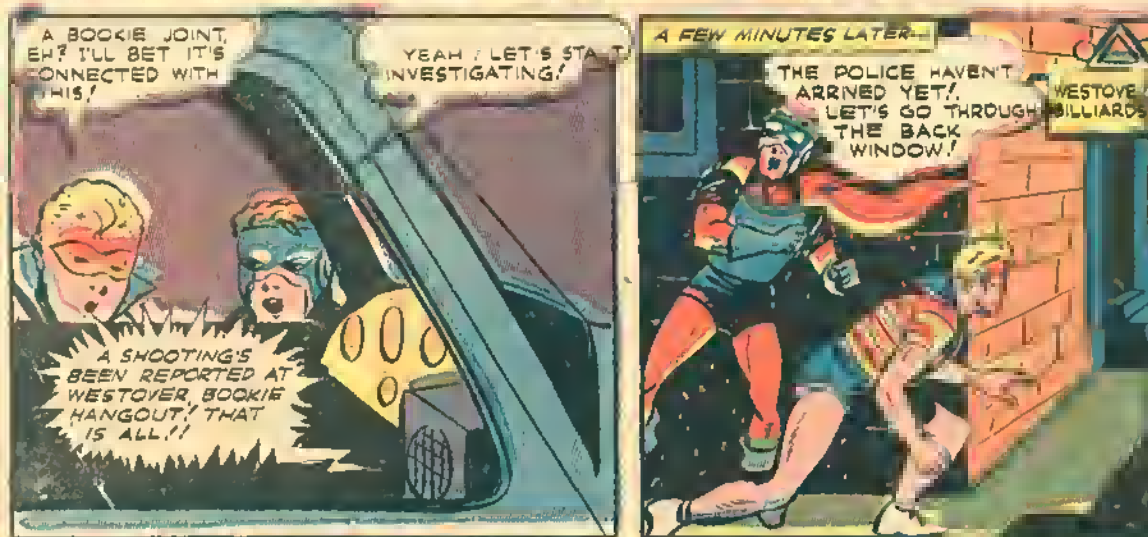
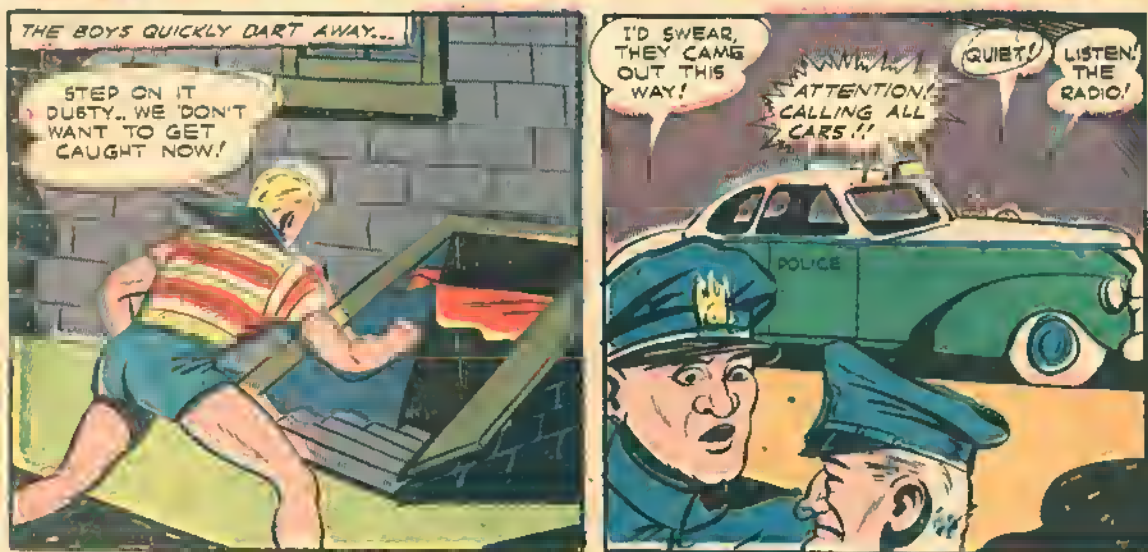
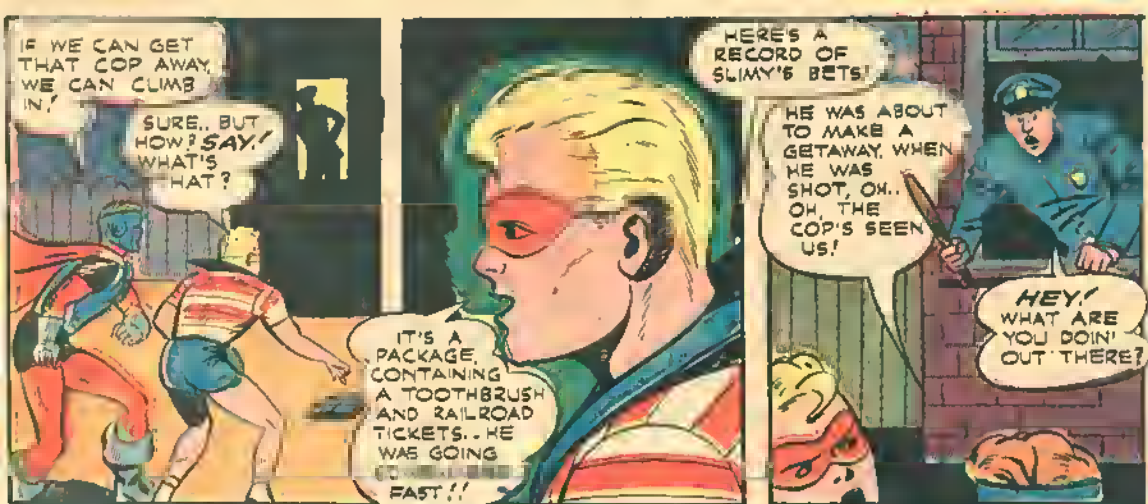
MEMORANDUM, TO MAYOR BINGLE FROM POLICE DEPT SLIMY PAGANO. NOTORIOUS BOOKIE WAS FOUND DEAD AT 24 ELM ST. CLUES HAVE NOT BEEN DISCOVERED.



WELL, THIS IS THE HOUSE! BUT WE CAN'T GET IN THIS WAY, THE POLICE ARE HERE!!

LET'S TRY THE BACK!







THERE'S  
THE  
BODY!

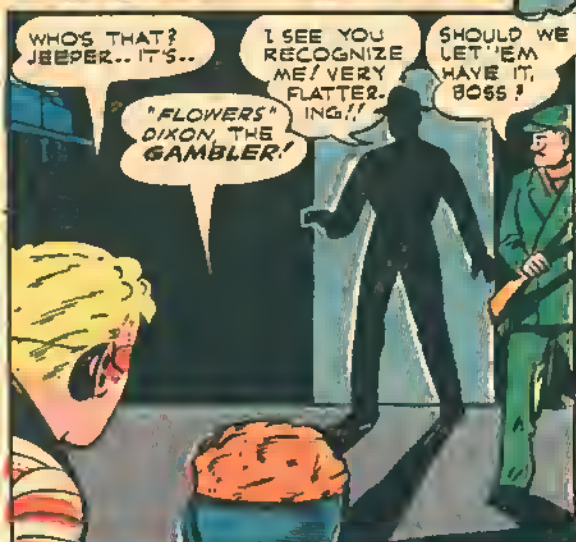
TWO BOOKIES  
KILLED, JUST AS  
THEY GET SET  
TO LEAVE TOWN!  
THIS THING'S  
CONNECTED  
SOMEHOW!

HE'S DEAD  
ENOUGH.  
SHOT THROUGH  
THE HEART!

HOLD UP! HIS  
BOOK! MAYBE  
IT'LL TELL US  
SOMETHING!

IF THEY WERE  
WELCHING ON A  
GAMBLER'S DEBT,  
THE ANSWER'S  
PRETTY OBVIOUS!

YOU GUESSED  
IT, MY BOY!



WHO'S THAT?  
JEEPER... IT'S...

I SEE YOU  
RECOGNIZE  
ME! VERY  
FLATTER-  
ING!!

SHOULD WE  
LET 'EM  
HAVE IT,  
BOSS?

"FLOWERS"  
DIXON, THE  
GAMBLER!



NO, HOLD YOUR  
LEAD! I WANT TO  
TALK TO THESE  
KIDS FIRST!!

RIGHT! O.K.  
SOLDIERS...  
MARCH!!

IT MIGHT  
WORK...



ON A DESPERATE CHANCE, DUSTY SWINGS A  
CUESTICK AT A BALL ON THE OVERHANGING SHELF.

HEY..  
STOP 'EM!

LOOK  
OUT!



AND A HAIL OF BILLIARD BALLS  
DESCENDS ON THE HELPLESS  
CRIMINALS....

THIS WAY!  
THE DOOR'S  
OPEN!!





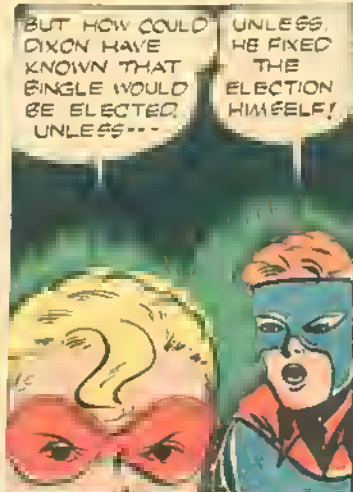
GET 'EM YOU  
FOOL--- THEY  
KNOW ENOUGH  
TO FRY US!

DREW! THAT  
ONE WAS  
PRETTY CLOSE!



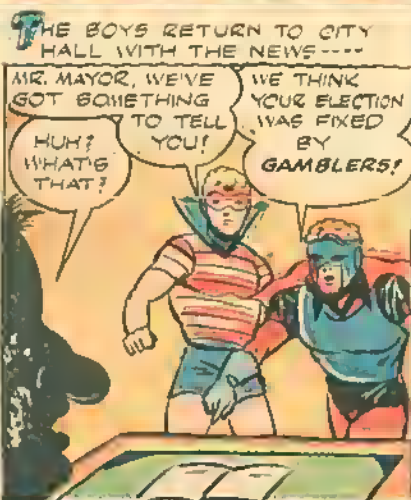
THEY WON'T  
FIND US HERE!  
NOW LET'S  
SEE--- HERE  
IT IS-- DIXON,  
\$5,000 ON  
BINGLE AT  
TWENTY  
TO ONE!

HE'S DOWN  
HERE FOR  
\$6,000 AT  
THE SAME  
ODDS! NO  
WONDER  
THOSE BOYS  
TRIED TO



BUT HOW COULD  
DIXON HAVE  
KNOWN THAT  
BINGLE WOULD  
BE ELECTED,  
UNLESS---

UNLESS  
HE FIXED  
THE  
ELECTION  
HIMSELF!

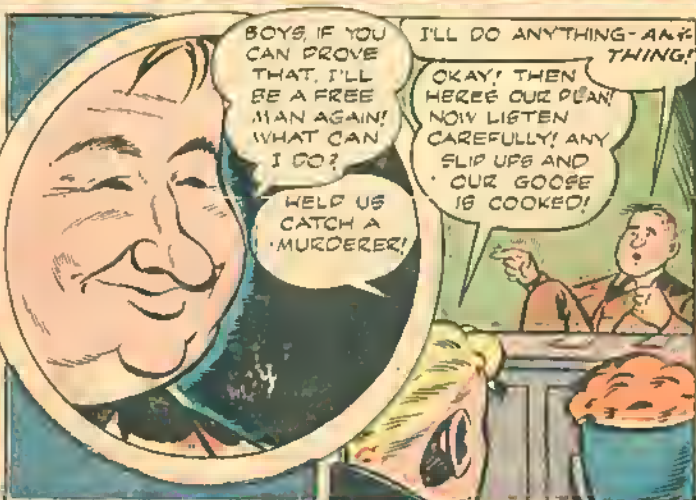


THE BOYS RETURN TO CITY  
HALL WITH THE NEWS---

MR. MAYOR, WE'VE  
GOT SOMETHING  
TO TELL  
YOU!

WE THINK  
YOUR ELECTION  
WAS FIXED  
BY  
GAMBLERS!

HUH?  
WHAT'S  
THAT?



BOYS, IF YOU  
CAN PROVE  
THAT, I'LL  
BE A FREE  
MAN AGAIN!  
WHAT CAN  
I DO?

HELP US  
CATCH A  
MURDERER!

I'LL DO ANYTHING--ANY  
THING!

OKAY! THEN  
HERE'S OUR PLAN!  
NOW LISTEN  
CAREFULLY! ANY  
SLIP UPS AND  
OUR GOOSE  
IS COOKED!



SHORT WHILE LATER---

DON'T LOOK NOW  
BUT I THINK WE'VE  
BEEN SPOTTED!

Westover  
Billiards



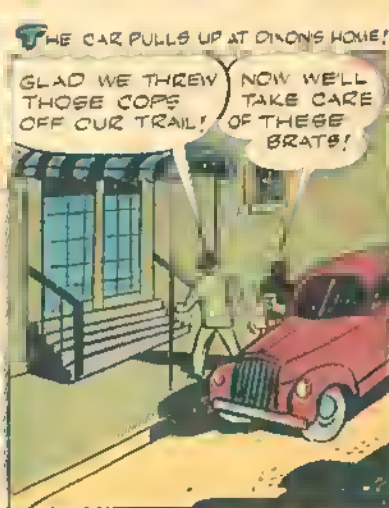
THOUGHT  
YOU'D GET  
AWAY, HUM?

PULL 'EM IN  
AND STOP  
GABBERING!



STEP ON IT, BOSS-- WE'RE BEIN' TAILED!

OH, OH! THOSE COPS ARE VERY "SUBTLE" ABOUT FOLLOWING US, AREN'T THEY?



THE CAR PULLS UP AT DINON'S HOME!  
GLAD WE THREW THOSE COPS OFF OUR TRAIL! NOW WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE BRATS!



THE COPS'LL NEVER FIND US HERE!



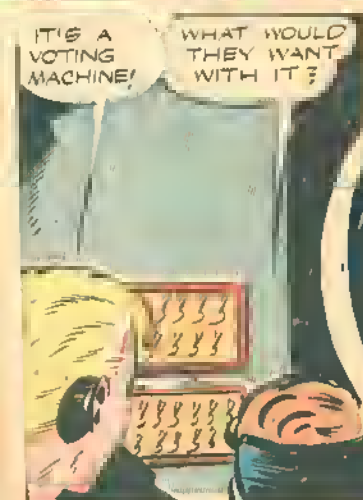
BOY OUR PLAN SURE DID GO HAYWIRE!

YEAH! AND WE DISTINCTLY TOLD BINGLE TO HAVE THE COPS KEEP OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL WE LED THEM TO THE HAYWIRE!



WE MAY AS WELL SCOUT AROUND-- SAY, WHAT'S THIS?

WHAT'S UP?



IT'S A VOTING MACHINE!

WHAT WOULD THEY WANT WITH IT?



LOOK! THEY'VE GOT A FALSE FRONT ON THIS VOTING MACHINE!



THIS FITS OVER THE MACHINE AND JUST REVERSES SOME OF THE NAMES!

SO PEOPLE VOTED FOR GILBERT AND THE MACHINE REGISTERED THE VOTE FOR BINGLE! BUT HOW DID DINON GET THE FALSE FRONT ON?



DIXON'S GANG IS BIG ENOUGH TO WORK IT! ONE MAN BRINGS IN THE FALSE FRONT IN THE MORNING AND ANOTHER MAN TAKES IT OUT AT NIGHT!



WHAT A SET-UP! SHHH-- I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!



THE DOOR OPENS---

HEY, YOUS-- DE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU!

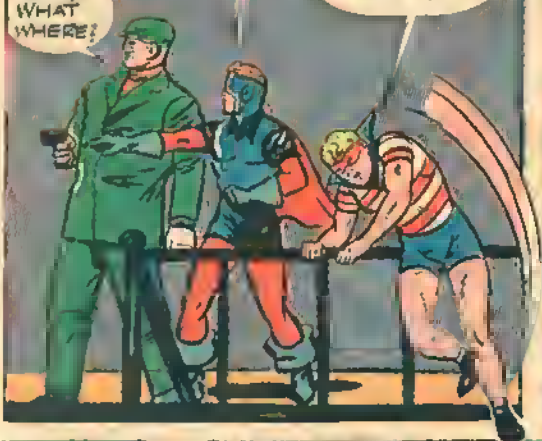


ONCE MORE THE BOY BUDDIES GO INTO ACTION!

HEY! LOOK THERE!

HUH? WHAT WHERE?

GOOD WORK-- SEE YOU BELOW!



YOU HEARD HIM-- DOWN YOU GO!

COME BACK OR I'LL PLUG YA-- OOOOPS!

NO, YOU COME DOWN HERE!



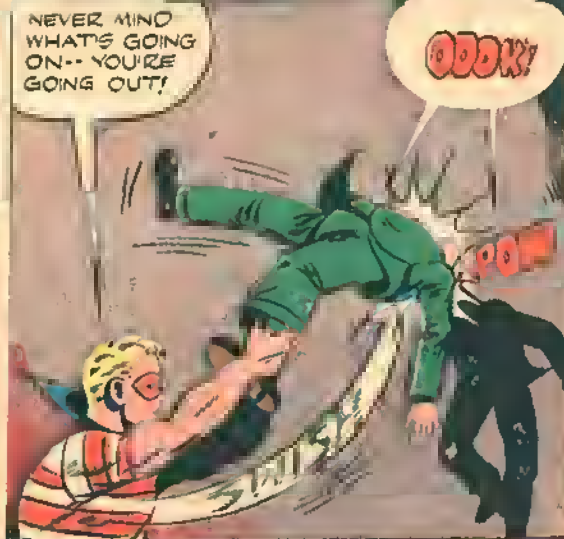
OUCH!

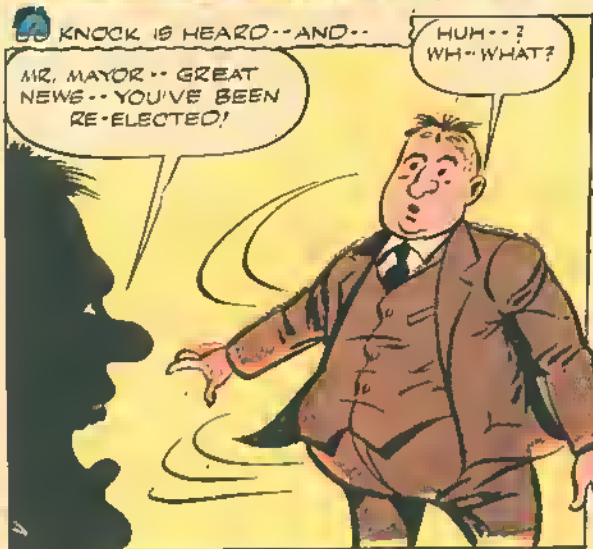
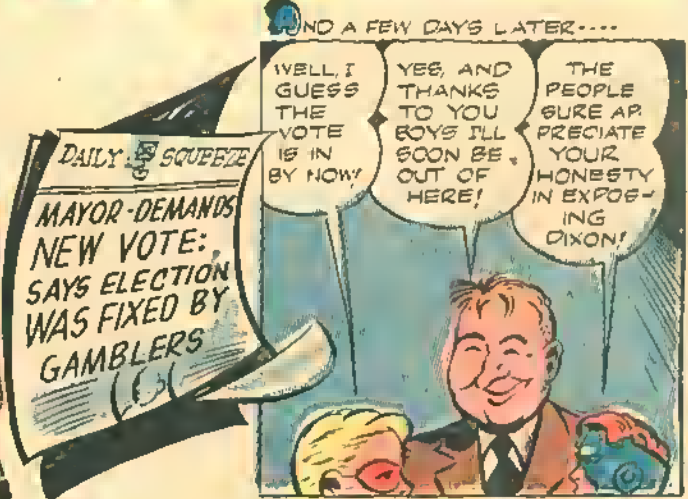
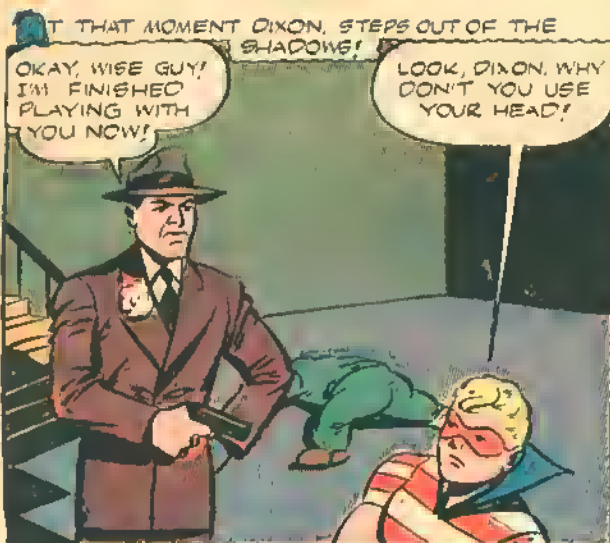
TSK--TSK-- YOU MUST BE IN A HURRY TO GET ME!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

NEVER MIND WHAT'S GOING ON-- YOU'RE GOING OUT!

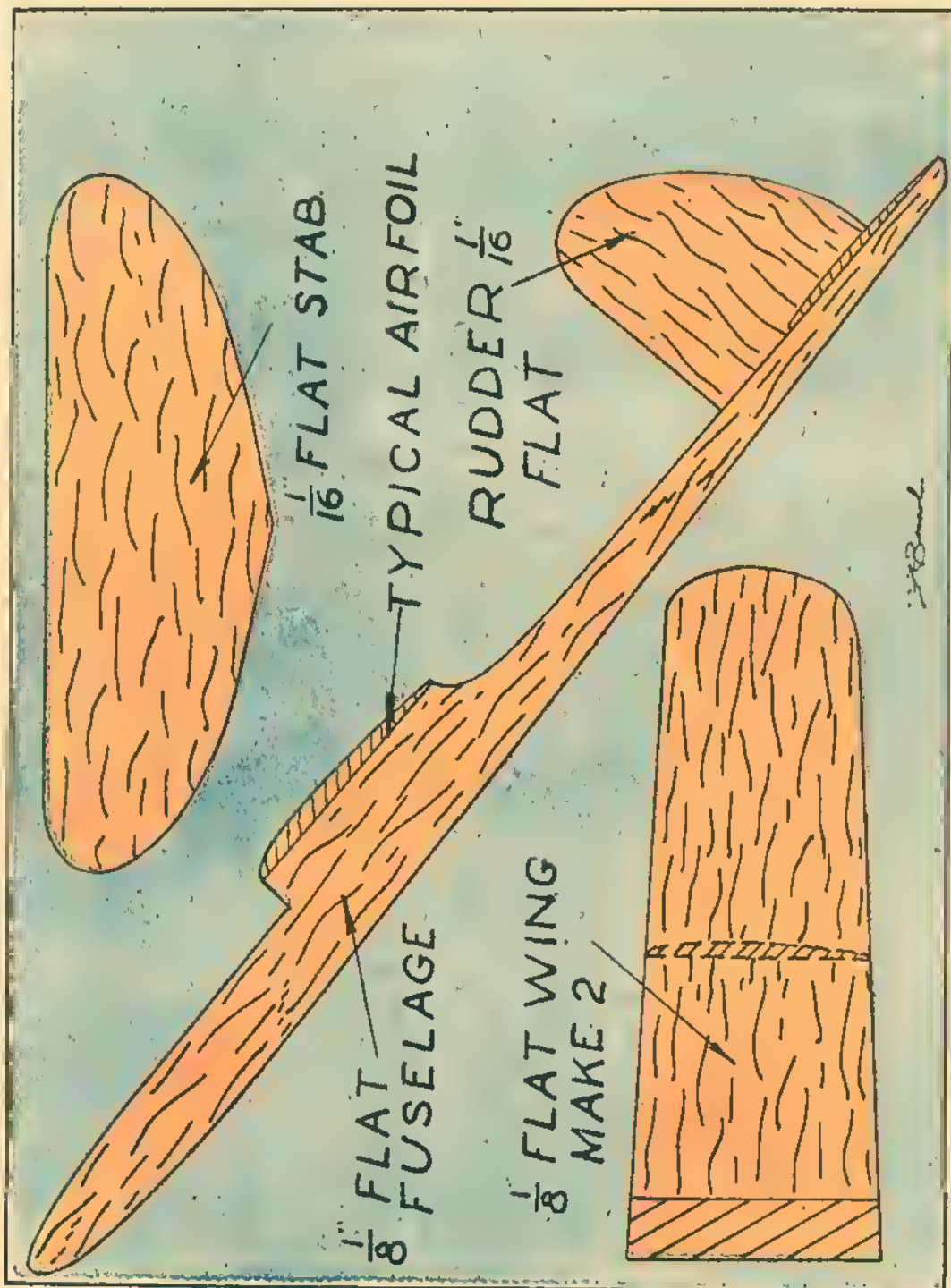
OOOK!







# JUNIOR FLYING CORPS PAGE



FLEETWING

## FLEETWING

THIS MONTH THE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS IS OFFERED A CONTEST TYPE GLIDER. HOWEVER, IN ORDER TO SAVE VITAL BALSA WE HAVE LIMITED THE SIZE OF THIS GLIDER TO CLASS "A". IN SPITE OF THIS LIMITED AREA, THIS GLIDER TURNS OUT BEAUTIFUL FLIGHTS WHEN PROPERLY ADJUSTED.

SOFT  $\frac{1}{8}$ " FLAT BALSA CUT TO THE SHAPE SHOWN ON THE PLANS RENDERS US A WING PANEL. SAND THIS PANEL TO AN ACCURATE RIB SECTION (SHOWN ON THE PLANS). THE ADJACENT WING PANEL IS NOT SHOWN, BUT IT CAN BE MADE BY TRACING AROUND THE FIRST PANEL. BE SURE TO SAND THE AIRFOIL ON THE "TOP" SO THAT IT COINCIDES WITH THE FIRST PANEL. COAT THE BOTH ENDS WITH CEMENT AND ALLOW TO DRY. FOUR ADDITIONAL COATS OF CEMENT ARE APPLIED WITH A BRUSH. SILK IS THEN GLUED OVER THE JOINT, INSURING STRENGTH. BRUSHING THE CEMENT ON, FORMS A NEAT, SMOOTH SKIN. EACH COAT SHOULD EXTEND  $\frac{1}{8}$ " OVER EACH PANEL AND SHOULD BE PERMITTED TO DRY BEFORE THE NEXT IS APPLIED. FOR A SLICK FINISH, APPLY FOUR COATS OF CLEAR DOPE, SANDING AFTER EACH IS DRY WITH WET OR DRY SANDPAPER.

WARP IN A SLIGHT WASH IN ON THE RIGHT WING INCREASE THE ANGLE OF ATTACK NEAR THE TIP AND SLIGHT WASH OUT ON THE LEFT WING. THE RIGHT WING IS SEEN IN LOOKING FORWARD TOWARD THE NOSE OF THE SHIP FROM THE REAR.

CUT THE FUSELAGE FROM  $\frac{1}{8}$ " FLAT BALSA (VERY HARD). THE SHAPE OF THE FUSELAGE AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS SHOULD BE DUPLICATED ON THE BALSA. A "V" CUT IS PUT INTO THE TOP OF THE BODY TO HOLD THE WING. SAND THE FUSELAGE WELL AND REPEAT THE FINISHING PROCEDURE USED ON THE WING.

THE STABILIZER AND THE RUDDER ARE CUT FROM  $\frac{1}{8}$ " FLAT BALSA AND FINISHED IN THE USUAL MANNER.

CEMENT WING AND STABILIZER TO THE FUSELAGE. CEMENT ON RUDDER. CHECK ALIGNMENT. WARP RIGHT TURN IN THE RUDDER. APPLY SEVERAL COATS OF GLUE OVER THE WING-FUSELAGE JOINT.

THE GLIDER IS THROWN INTO A SLIGHT RIGHT BANK AND ALMOST STRAIGHT UP. THE GLIDE IS ALSO TO THE RIGHT. PULL OUT IS AUTOMATIC. IN TESTING THE GLIDE, START SLOWLY, GRADUALLY INCREASING THE SPEED OF THE THROW.

GET TOGETHER WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS AND ARRANGE CONTESTS. THE GREATEST TIME ALOFT WINS THE CONTEST. FLY YOUR GLIDER AND WIN.

DROP US A LINE AND LET US KNOW HOW YOU'RE MAKING OUT. THIS IS THE FIRST CONTEST OF ITS KIND - AND YOU'RE IN FOR LOADS OF FUN!

**GOOD LUCK!**

## JUNIOR FLYING CORPS MEMBERSHIP LIST!

### HERE'S HOW TO JOIN:

WRITE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AND AGE ON A PENNY POSTCARD OR LETTER, AND MAIL IT TO JUNIOR FLYING CORPS, 60 HUDSON ST. ROOM 315, NEW YORK CITY---THEN WATCH HANGMAN COMICS, FOR YOUR NAME ON THE MEMBERSHIP LIST...

CHARLES ALLEN BAITY-707 S. 23<sup>RD</sup> ST. FORT SMITH, AR.  
JACQUELINE BRADY-BOX 576, HUDSON, N.Y.  
PEGGY LOE BOENKE-SUNSET, S.C.  
ORVILLE CADWELL-CANISTOTA, S.D. DAKOTA  
HAROLD CLARDY-BOX 191, 10 ANDERSON ST. PEIDMONT, S.C.  
JACKIE CLINTON-642 ADELINE ST. TRENTON, N.J.  
FRIEDA CORBETT-BOX 47, STAUNTON, VA.  
EDWARD CORNELL-PONCA, NEBRASKA  
RICHARD CURRAN-214 31<sup>ST</sup> ST BROOKLYN, N.Y.  
BOBBY DALTON; NO. MAPLE ST. MARION, KENTUCKY  
ANETTE DENHOF-10723-23<sup>RD</sup> ST. NE  
GORDON DICKSON JR.-940 NO SECOND ST CAMDEN, NJ.  
NORMAN EWELL-2411 HUNT AVE. NEWPORT NEWS, VA.  
SHIRLEY HEADLY-412 GUTMAN AVE. BKLYN, N.Y.  
VIVIAN LUCILLE HICKSON-ROUTE 1, FORNEY, TEXAS  
MELBOURNE HOGG-SEAFOARD, VA.  
MONROE HORTON-1848 CONEY IS AVE. BKLYN, N.Y.  
JOHNNY JACKSON-35 50. MAIN ST. PORT DEPOSIT, MD.  
PATRICIA JOHNSON-RT 1, BOX 772, BEAVERTON, ORE.  
WALTER LA JOIE JR-341 GOUNDRY ST. MONTANA N.Y.  
RALPH JONES-1217 CONRAD ST WILMINGTON, DEL.  
RUTH M. KIRKPATRICK-1562 ST. CLAIR E. ST. LOUIS, ILL.  
PEGGY LOU KLACKNER-RR-1 CENTERVILLE PIKE O.  
EDWARD A. LEBIT-5513 CONGRESS ST BKLYN, N.Y.  
I. LESHKOWITZ-704 E. 5<sup>TH</sup> ST. N.Y. N.Y.  
MASON LEVY JR-218 E. 102<sup>ND</sup> ST. N.Y. N.Y.  
HAROLD B. LINO JR.-5126 N OCONTO AVE. CHICAGO  
JUNE ELAINE MANDIGO-DE PEYSTER N.Y.  
CATHERINE McCAULEY-1 SHELTON ST.  
RICHARD J. McGEHE-163 MITCHELL ST. RANTOUL, ILL.  
DOROTHY ANN MILLER-8412-86 RD. WOODHAVEN  
IRVING MONES-115 TAYLOR AVE. SO. NORWALK, CONN.  
CURTIS MULLINS-200 AVE. D S E. CHILDRESS, TEXAS  
WALTER NATRIN-4<sup>TH</sup> AVE. LESTER, PA.  
JAMES NEUFELL-33 GUINAN ST.  
PAUL O'CONNOR-92 HIGH ST GREENFIELD, MASS.  
DANVALL LEE PERKINS-REEDSPORT, ORE.  
JULIO PERONI-517 OLO ELM ST CONSONHOCKEN, PA.  
RICHARD PERZONOSKI-8616 LEANDER, DETROIT, MICH.  
BOBBY PIKE-14519 NOVARA, DETROIT, MICH.  
BRUCE RAINBOTH-SILVER LAKE, WASHINGTON  
WILLIAM R. RAWSTON-243 WARREN ST. NEEDHAM, MASS.  
JAMES P. ROHLOFF-1 KONIA, WISCONSIN  
GEORGE SACHE-4553 BLEIGH AVE. MAYFAIR, PA.  
PHYLLIS SCHMIDT-1511 CACHE ROAD, LAWTON, OKLA.  
BILLY SPRAY-ALLERTON, ILL.  
BERNARD SZEMERETO-667 CHARLES ST. P.A. N.J.  
JOHN TODORA-2680 CONGRESS RD. CAMDEN, N.J.  
MARIE L.J. VEVON-26 50. HILLSIDE AVE. ELMSFORD, NY.  
EDWARD WAIMIELOWICZ-1611 OVERING ST. BRONX.  
FRED JR. WALKER-105 ELM ST. GASTON, N.C.  
JOSEPH WASHINGTON-88 SUN RISE HWAY, FREEPORT, NY.  
VIOLET WESCOTT-GREAT BEND, PENN.  
THOMAS R. ZIEMEK-5112 NO. OCONTO AVE. CHI. ILL.



# ROY and DUSTY in

# BOY BUDDIES

DUSTY'S LATE..  
HE SHOULD HAVE  
BEEN HERE FIVE  
MINUTES AGO!

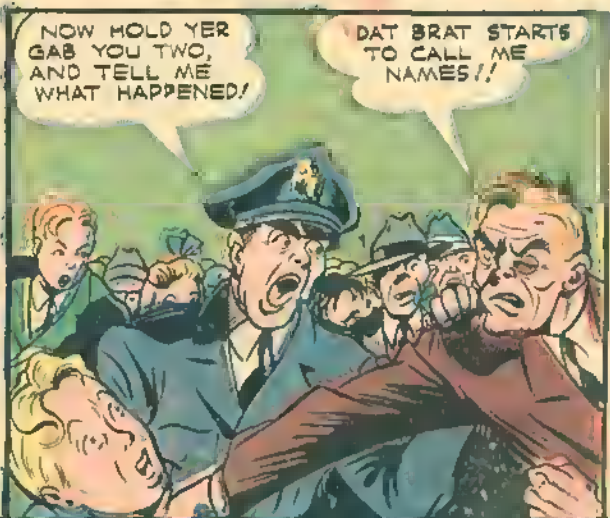
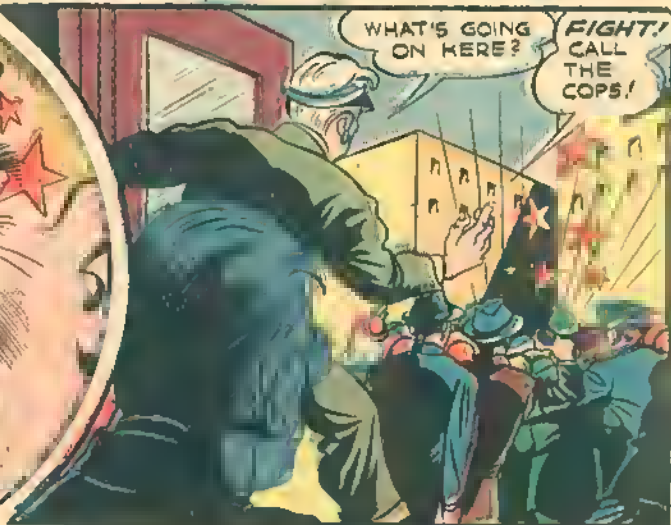
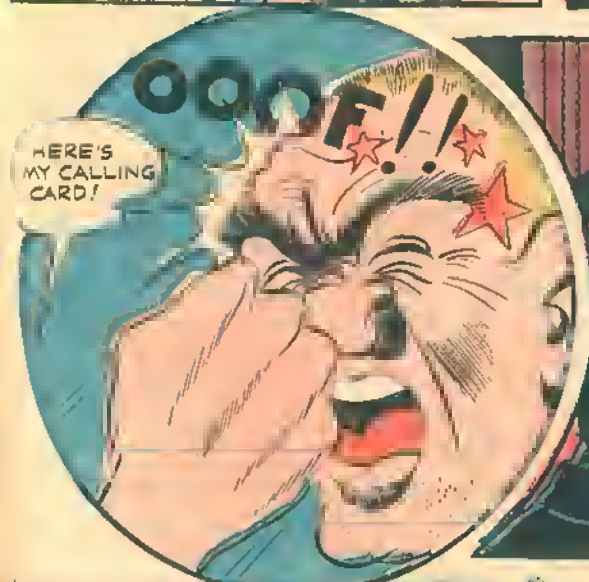
THE STREET  
CORNER  
RENDEZVOUS IS A  
GREAT AMERICAN  
HABIT,  
AND AN OPEN  
SESAME TO TROUBLE!  
BUT THE KIND OF  
TROUBLE THAT  
BEFALLS ROY, AS  
HE AWAITS A,  
MEETING WITH  
DUSTY,  
SPELLS MORE  
TROUBLE FOR THE  
TROUBLEMAKERS  
WHO LEARN THAT  
PUSHING THE  
BOY BUDDIES  
AROUND IS A  
GILT-EDGED  
INVITATION  
TO DISASTER!

HARRISON

THEN...

HEY, YOU  
C'MERE!

WHO?  
ME?





STARTIN' A FIGHT, EH?  
SEEMS TO ME I SEEN  
YER BEFORE !!

WHY, THE  
DIRTY LIAR..  
I NEVER.....

HEY!  
LOOK!

YOU  
DUMB  
LUG, YOU  
LET HIM  
GET  
AWAY!

WHO YA  
CALLIN'  
A DUMB  
LLG?

I'LL HAVE  
YER KNOW, YER  
INSULTIN' AN  
OFFICER IN THE  
PERFORMANCE  
OF HIS DUTY!

PERFORMANCE  
IS RIGHT.. YOU  
OUGHTA BE IN  
A CIRCUS!

HELP!  
HELP!

HELP! POLICE!  
THE STORE HAS  
BEEN ROBBED!  
SOMEONE GOT  
OUT THE BACK  
WAY, WHILE WE  
WERE IN FRONT!

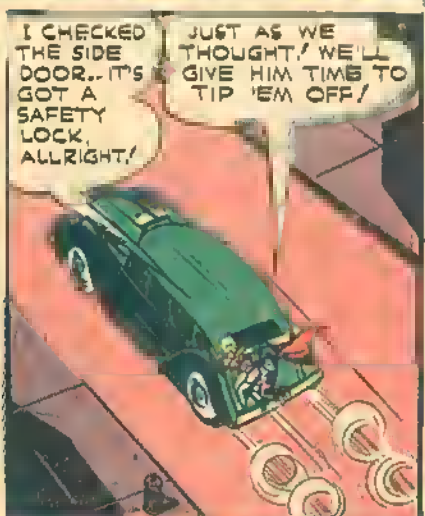
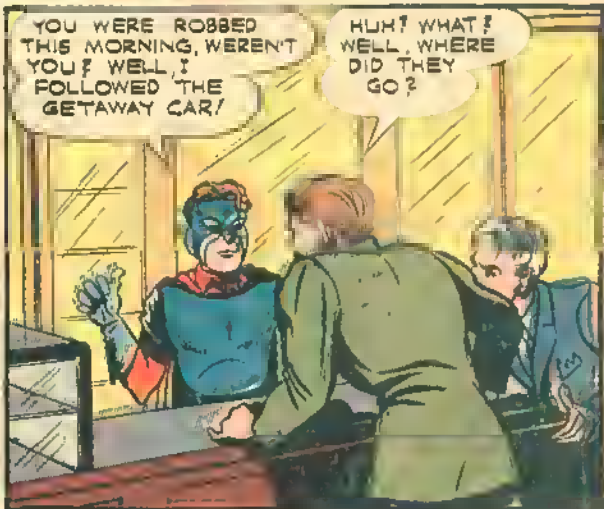
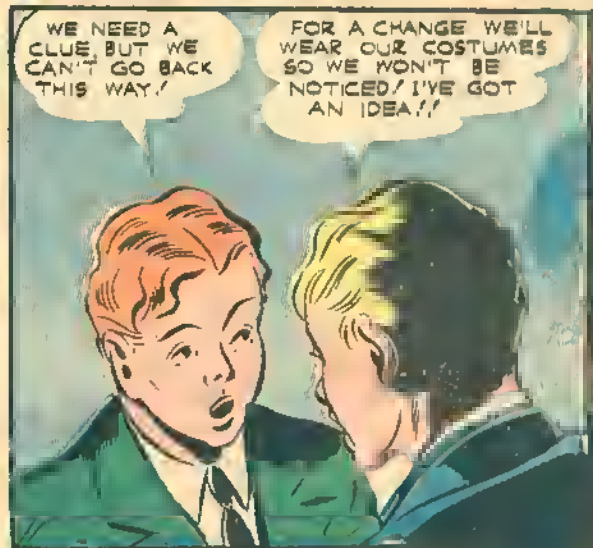
JEWELRY  
STORE

THEY CLEANED  
OUT A SHOWCASE..  
WORTH THOUSANDS!  
I'LL BE FIRED!

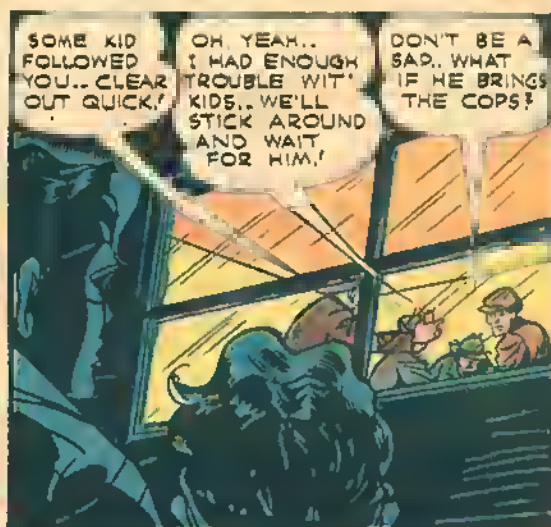
THEY DID, HUH?  
I BET THIS BRAT  
STARTED THE  
RUMPUS, TO  
DISTRACT YOU!

DID I CALL  
YOU A  
DUMB LUG?

FOR YOU  
THAT'S A  
COMPLIMENT!  
THANKS,  
DUSTY!





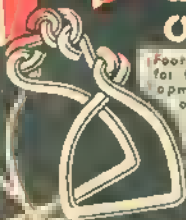






# FREE

with your  
order...



Foot stirrups, important for foot and leg development, FREE with order. Permits intensive overhead workouts to develop a mighty torso.

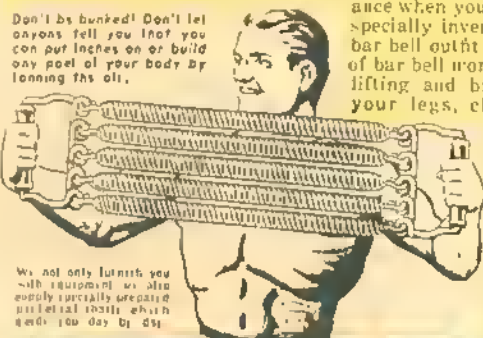
# now GET BURSTING STRENGTH fast!

Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room for weakness. You must be STRONG to get ahead... get bursting strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

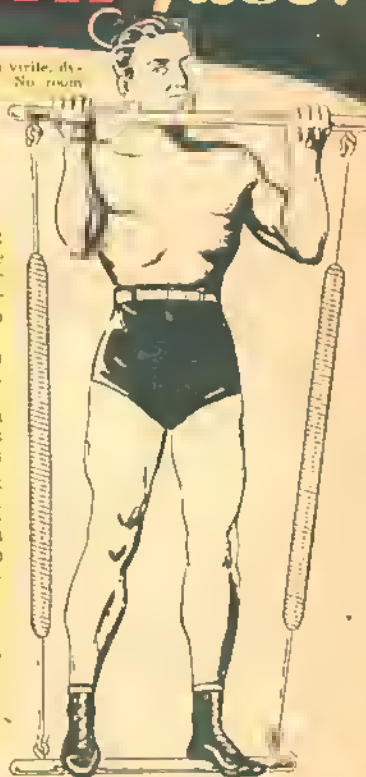
## Get Bursting Strength Quickly

If you are a weakling or boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit just what you need. Contains dozens of individual features, all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet actual resistance of your strength and to increase power progressively as you build mighty muscles. Men who have reared the top in strong-man feats acclaim this progressive chest pull and bar bell combination. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out but strong tension springs. These springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance when you are muscular. Included is a specially invented bar bell hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts... to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of your legs, chest, arms so you build as you train. There is a small exerciser hook-up enabling you to do bending and stretching exercises. You also have features of a rowing machine. Hand grips help develop a mighty grip. Pictorial and printed instructions enable you to get stronger day by day.

Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can put inches on or build any part of your body by leaning this old.



We not only furnish you with equipment we also supply specially prepared pictorial books which guide you day by day.



### GUARANTEE

If not satisfied after 5 days return for refund of purchase price.

### Send No Money

Sign your name to coupon checking outfit wanted. Enclose an amount to insure an arrival. If you can buy a stronger outfit than our Super X set we will give you double your money back.

Mail to:  
Post Office  
P. O. Box 1,  
Station X, New York 34, N. Y.

## New PROGRESSIVE CHEST PULL & BAR BELL COMBINATION

MUSCLE POWER CO., Dept. 6710  
P. O. Box 1, Station X, New York, 34, N. Y.

Send me the outfit checked below in five days' approval. Also enclose special pictorial and printed instructions. I will deposit amount of set plus postage in accordance with your guarantee. Enclose the stirrups free with my order.

- ☐ Send regular strength chest pull and bar bell combination Set \$3.95
- ☐ Send Super strength set \$7.95

I send each with order and we pay postage. Same guarantee.

Name

Address

SPECIAL! If you are abroad ship at outside of U.S.A. send money order in American funds at prices listed above plus 60%.

# REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

WOULD MARRY JIM IF  
IT WASN'T FOR THOSE  
FILTHY BLACKHEADS  
OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB  
TO TALK TO  
HIM RIGHT  
AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY  
VACUTEX FOR THOSE  
BLACKHEADS JIM? IT  
CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB  
IT SOUNDS  
WORTH  
TRYING

JIM DARLING,  
HOW NICE AND  
CLEAN YOU  
LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK  
VACUTEX  
FOR THAT,  
HONEY!



## AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

ACTUAL  
LENGTH  
3 1/2"

**ONLY  
THREE  
EASY  
STEPS**

**UGLY  
BLACKHEADS**

**USE  
VACUTEX**



**THEY'RE  
OUT!**

**RUSH  
COUPON**

**Send No  
MONEY**

## 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

**BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 8509**  
516 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

- ☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.
- ☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . .

CITY . . . . . STATE . . . . .



# How to Make YOUR Body Bring You **FAME**

... Instead of **SHAME!**

ARE YOU  
Skinny?  
Weak?  
Flabby?

Will You Let Me  
Prove I Can Make You  
a New Man?

I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs. I was ashamed to strip for sports or address for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

## What "Dynamic Tension" Will Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE** and **OUT**. **SIDE!** I can add inches to your chest, give you a vice-like grip, make those legs of yours like and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle!

## Only 15 Minutes A Day

No "ifs," "ands" or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and sawy? Are you short-winded, breathless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, beat boys, etc.? Then write for details

about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful **HE-MAN**.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely **NATURAL** method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the trick! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny, clerical weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-making. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—**error** exercise is practical. And, **easy**, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD MUSCLE** and **VITALITY**.

*Charles  
Atlas*

Holder of title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," as he looks today, from actual untouched anamorphosis.

Mail Coupon  
For My  
FREE Book

## FREE BOOK "Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became **NEW MEN** in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today. AT ONCE! **CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 3029 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

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115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name ..... (Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.

